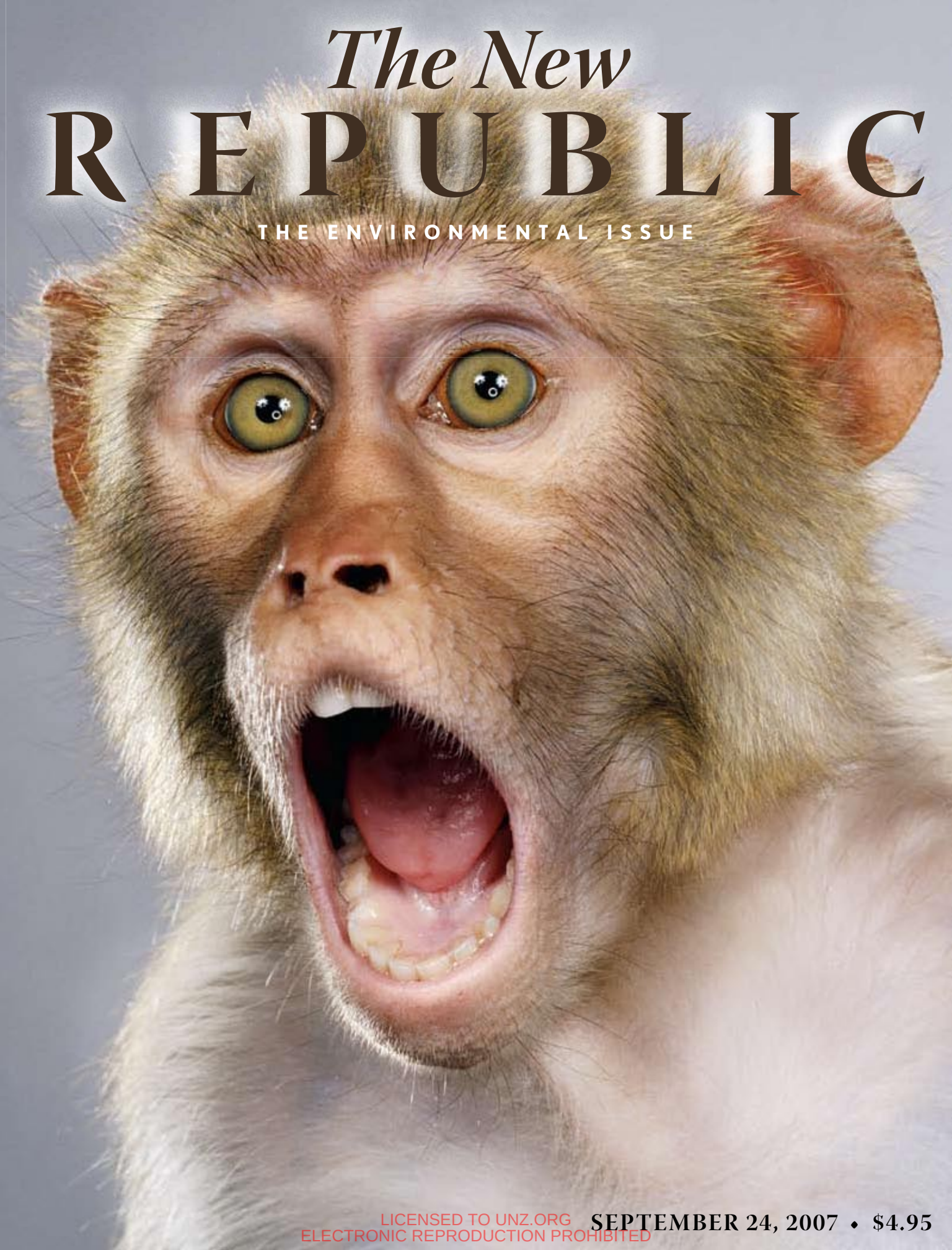
The New REPUBLIC

THE ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEPTEMBER 24, 2007 • $4.95

What you're hearing on this page is the same thing you would hear from the Saturn Aura Green Line Hybrid as it idles. Nothing. That's when the combustion engine shuts down and the battery power takes over. Quiet. Clean. Fuel efficient. It's as good for the environment as for your pocketbook.

This hybrid version of the North American Car of the Year is just one part of GM's commitment to energy diversity—creating vehicles that use fuels from diverse sources, reducing our dependence on petroleum and lowering emissions. I'm part of the team in Kansas City, Kansas that's working on a transformation in vehicles today.

Lily P. Aldana

Lead Systems Engineer

GM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts

VOLUME 237 WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 24, 2007 NUMBER 4,821

Long Division

If you have some expertise in the politics of the Iraq war, you will instantly find the gaffe buried in the following Mitt Romney riff: "[My assessment of Iraq] is very consistent with what the president is speaking about and what we're hearing from Iraq right now. And that is that the surge is apparently working." At last week's GOP debate, John McCain caught it straight away: "No, not 'apparently.' It's working." He continued, "I can assure you, it's more than apparent. It is working, and we have to rally the American people." Romney is, in other words, apparently a surrender monkey.

The debate over the war has been, to be fair, an all-around depressing spectacle. Even though Democrats have controlled Congress for over eight months—and even though they vowed to make Iraq the raison d'être of their majority—they have done nothing to affect the course of the war.

That's what made the Senate's questioning of Ambassador Ryan Crocker and General David Petraeus such a therapeutic, even exhilarating, exercise. There have been plenty of Iraq war reality checks—take your pick from any of the grim reports published in the past week alone. But, here, searching questions from the senators forced the two public faces of the Iraq occupation to admit painful realities. When asked to justify his claims of progress toward political reconciliation, Crocker cited what *The Washington Post* called "obscure comments by important clerics" and meetings between Iraqi politicians who once ignored each other. Asked about his confidence that the Baghdad government would improve its performance, Crocker replied shakily, "My level of confidence is under control."

And that, in understated form, is the rub. While our recent dalliances with Sunni sheiks have yielded some benefits, our strategy still depends on warring sects joining together to swing around the maypole of the central government in Baghdad. It's worth pausing to consider the absurdity of this strategy. Our own national security adviser has denounced the prime minister of that government—a sectarian hack who has abetted the most nettlesome militias, even installing them in key government ministries and allowing them to dominate the national police. The sense of Sunni helplessness has never been greater, a helplessness that can be clearly seen in migration statistics. Since the start of the surge, Iraqis have fled their homes at a rate that has approached 100,000 a month. As Senator Joseph Biden put it last week, "The administration continues to believe that we can achieve political progress in Iraq by building a strong national unity government. … That will not happen in the lifetime of any of us."

This fact darkly hovers over every possible course of American action. If we stay, continuing to pursue the president's course, then we risk American lives in pursuit of an unachievable goal. If we leave with the current sectarian governmental structure as is, we risk an even greater chaos than we face now.

For the past year, Biden and the Council on Foreign Relations' Leslie Gelb have peddled a plan for the "soft partition" of Iraq. It would radically devolve power to Sunni, Shia, and Kurdish regional governments with a central government securing the borders and parceling out oil revenues. Their plan has languished until now, and, admittedly, it suffers from serious flaws. Aside from the Kurds and one Shia party (the Supreme Islamic Iraqi Council), none of the main Iraqi players have any interest in carving up the country. The status of Baghdad would pose a Jerusalem-like obstacle to any federal agreement, to say nothing of the details of oil-sharing and shared security. If the plan failed to thread any of these needles, it could inflame sectarian tensions rather than calm them.

Despite these immense obstacles, partition has begun attracting support across Washington. U.S. cooperation with tribal sheiks in Anbar and Diyala has shown it is possible to nurture a Sunni political elite that doesn't tolerate Al Qaeda. The mass flight of Iraqis from mixed neighborhoods has reshaped the map—creating a country that, sadly, can be more easily carved into three. And, unlike other alternatives to Bush's bullish insistence on American "victory," partition has the makings of bipartisan consensus. It doesn't just bear the imprimatur of Democrats like Biden and Gelb—it has the tentative endorsement of neoconservatives like David Brooks and Charles Krauthammer. (Of course, they might chafe at one of the necessary preconditions for ultimately negotiating a new arrangement: importing the United Nations as a broker.)

Alex Nabaum

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has become fashionable to trumpet the "organic"—or "bottom up"—move toward a new Iraqi federalism. But there's probably not enough time on the political clock for the tectonic plates of Iraqi politics to naturally settle. By now, it's abundantly clear that the war won't end on George W. Bush's watch. But it's also clear that it is creaking to its grim conclusion with or without him. Our military can't sustain current troop levels for much longer, and there's a substantial likelihood that Bush's successor will want to quickly put an end to this unpopular war. This is the political and logistical reality. If we don't begin reshaping our strategy to conform to it, we will be guilty of the same sort of myopic planning that unleashed this chaos in the first place.

Dethroning Coal

Oil gets all the attention, but it's coal—that other fossil fuel—that may be the planet's undoing. Last week, during a House climate-change committee hearing on "The Future of Coal," Representative Edward Markey grimly noted that there are over 150 coal plants now on the drawing board in the United States, with another 3,000 expected to be built worldwide by 2030. All told, those plants would cough up enough carbon to dangerously raise global temperatures. "That," Markey muttered dryly, "would spell disaster for the planet."

And so, the coal industry, wary of incurring the wrath of Congress, has hit upon a new strategy. Its leaders have now taken to explaining that coal itself isn't the enemy. If power plants could sequester their carbon—capture it and store it deep underground—then coal could be clean and we could avoid the worst consequences of climate change without radically overhauling our energy economy. Of course, this technology isn't *quite* perfected yet, and the transition won't be easy, so the industry would probably need roughly … $40 billion in subsidies for its troubles, according to one estimate. Shockingly, at the hearing, Markey—one of Congress's greener members—agreed with this vision, saying, "All indications are that [carbon capture and storage] is a viable interim solution to the coal problem."

That's overstating things. Experts don't expect sequestration to be viable on a commercial scale for at least a decade—if ever (no one yet knows if the carbon will stay underground without leaking out). The costs, meanwhile, will be considerable: Utilities will either have to rejigger existing plants or build new ones, while putting in place a vast array of pipelines and monitors. That's hardly an "interim solution": Continuing to build coal-fired plants at the current rate for another decade, while waiting for a technology that may never arrive, would be suicide. (The coal industry, for its part, may be looking to build as many "dirty" plants as it can right now, hoping to grandfather them into any future regulatory regime.)

Nor is it clear that sequestration will be economical: One GAO analysis predicts that electricity from carbon-capturing plants will cost up to 78 percent more than electricity from conventional coal plants. By the time the technology becomes viable—if it ever becomes viable—solar and wind power could well be cost-competitive alternatives. So, while we should certainly fund further sequestration research—it may, after all, be our only hope of mitigating the impact of the hundreds of coal plants China and India are building—massive coal subsidies should hardly be a top priority.

Nonetheless, many leading Democrats appear wary of telling the coal industry to shove off. John Edwards has the boldest environmental platform of any Democratic front-runner, but even he would reportedly allow coal companies to keep building plants so long as they were merely capable—one day, maybe—of capturing and storing carbon. That means none of the top three Democratic presidential candidates have echoed James Hansen, NASA's top climate scientist, and called for a straight-up moratorium on *any* new coal plants that don't sequester their carbon.

True, Hillary Clinton and her competitors must be eyeing the votes of West Virginia—and possibly even Virginia—where King Coal reigns supreme (even if the mining industry isn't universally beloved for devastating the landscape, poisoning streams and rivers, and flouting safety regulations). Edwards, for his part, recently secured a critical endorsement from the United Mineworkers, which opposes a coal-plant moratorium. And Barack Obama has to be wary of coal interests in his own state of Illinois. Still, some lines need to be drawn. Already, around the country, from Montana to Florida, environmental groups have been filing lawsuits and launching grassroots campaigns to halt the construction of new dirty coal plants. Surely Clinton, Edwards, and Obama have the guts to join them. ◆

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Founded 1914

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF *Martin Peretz*
EDITOR *Franklin Foer*
LITERARY EDITOR *Leon Wieseltier*
EXECUTIVE EDITOR *J. Peter Scoblic*
MANAGING EDITOR *Katherine Marsh*
DEPUTY EDITOR *Richard Just*
EDITOR/ONLINE *Ben Wasserstein*
EDITOR-AT-LARGE *Peter Beinart*
SENIOR EDITORS
Jonathan Chait, Jonathan Cohn, Michelle Cottle, Michael Crowley, Ruth Franklin, John B. Judis, Christopher Orr, Noam Scheiber, Lee Siegel, Jason Zengerle
LEGAL AFFAIRS *Jeffrey Rosen*
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR *Britt Peterson*
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR/ONLINE *Alexander M. Belenky*
SPECIAL PROJECTS/ONLINE *Sacha Zimmerman*

FILMS *Stanley Kauffmann*
THEATER *Robert Brustein*
ART *Jed Perl*
ARCHITECTURE *Sarah Williams Goldhagen*
MUSIC *David Hajdu*
DANCE *Jennifer Homans*
POETRY EDITOR *Glyn Maxwell*
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS
Annia Ciezadlo, Thomas B. Edsall, Joshua Kurlantzick
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
David A. Bell, Paul Berman, Gregg Easterbrook, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Nathan Glazer, Anthony Grafton, David Grann, David Greenberg, Yossi Klein Halevi, Robert Kagan, Lawrence F. Kaplan, Michael Kinsley, Charles Krauthammer, Ryan Lizza, Jeremy McCarter, John McWhorter, Sherwin B. Nuland, Michael B. Oren, David Rieff, Maggie Scarf, Ronald Steel, Andrew Sullivan, Cass R. Sunstein, Alan Taylor, E.V. Thaw, Helen Vendler, Michael Walzer, Sean Wilentz, Alan Wolfe, Robert Wright
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Jack Coughlin, David Cowles, Drew Friedman, Vint Lawrence, David Schorr
ART/DESIGN DIRECTION *Heroun+Co./Christine Car*
CONTRIBUTING PHOTO RESEARCH *Jane Yeomans*
EDITORIAL-CORPORATE COORDINATOR *Linda Gerth*
PRODUCTION AND I.T. DIRECTOR *Bruce Steinke*
PRODUCTION MANAGER *Henry Riggs*
PRODUCER/ONLINE *Tim Dugan*
ASSISTANT EDITORS
Eve Fairbanks, Keelin McDonell, Bradford Plumer
ASSISTANT TO THE LITERARY EDITOR *Francesca Mari*
ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR *Melanie Rehak*
REPORTER-RESEARCHERS
Ben Crair, Josh Patashnik, Elspeth Reeve
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF *James Kirchick*
INTERNS/ONLINE
Marin Cogan, Melanie Mason, Barron YoungSmith

PUBLISHER *Elizabeth W. Sheldon*
GENERAL MANAGER *Allen Chin*
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR *Lori Fleishman Dorr*
ADVERTISING SALES & MARKETING
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER *Sarah Kuhn*
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT *Holly E. Maine*
ACCOUNT DIRECTOR *Julie Sturmak Kettell*
ADVERTISING ASSISTANT *Lauren Sims*
FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION
ACCOUNTING MANAGER *Jessie Ahn*

A CanWest Publication

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 237, Number 6, Issue 4,821, September 24, 2007. (Printed in the United States on September 14, 2007.) Published bi-weekly (except for skipped publication dates of April 6, July 6, August 3, November 23, and December 7, 2007) at 1331 H Street, NW, Suite 700, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Lauren Sims at (202) 508-4444. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling).

© 2007 by The New Republic, LLC.

Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Send letters and unsolicited manuscripts to letters@tnr.com. **For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents

September 24, 2007

ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUE

The Editors **1** **LONG DIVISION** *Does the future of Iraq lie in pieces?*

TRB

Jonathan Chait **5** **FRENCH DRESSING**
How the right smears Hillary and justifies tax cuts.

THE MALL

Jerry A. Coyne and Hopi E. Hoekstra **7** *A fate worse than global warming.*

John B. Judis **10** *A brokered convention for the GOP?*

Tom Bissell **14** *Bush misreads Graham Greene.*

Eve Fairbanks **15** *John Warner takes a shot of courage.*

Howard Jacobson **16** *In defense of ping-pong.*

FEATURES

Bradford Plumer and Noam Scheiber **19** **BARBOURISM**
The K Street evil genius who took over Mississippi.

James Verini **24** **THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE**
Is Fred Krupp an environmental savior or a corporate stooge?

Ted Nordhaus and Michael Shellenberger **30** **SECOND LIFE**
A manifesto for a new environmentalism.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Stanley Kauffmann **35** **FILMS** **TRYING TO LIVE**
Morbid fascination, musical scams, and modern love.

Andrew Butterfield **36** **ART** **THE 'LAUGHING BOY' AND THE INVENTION OF SCULPTURE** *The transformative creations of Desiderio da Settignano.*

Ruth Franklin **41** **BOOKS** **THE WRITING DEAD** ***Postal Indiscretions: The Correspondence of Tadeusz Borowski*** *edited by Tadeusz Drewnowski, translated by Alicia Nitecki*

Tadeusz Borowski **45** **POEM** *Four poems, translated by Ruth Franklin*

Alan Taylor **48** **BOOKS** **THE OTHER FOUNDING** ***The Jamestown Project*** *by Karen Ordahl Kupperman;* ***Captain John Smith: Writings, With Other Narratives of Roanoke, Jamestown, and the First English Settlement of America*** *edited by James Horn;* ***Savage Kingdom: The True Story of Jamestown, 1607, and the Settlement of America*** *by Benjamin Woolley*

G. W. Bowersock **53** **BOOKS** **A MODERN AESOP** ***Travels with Herodotus*** *by Ryszard Kapuściński, translated by Klara Glowczewska*

Mary Jo Salter **54** **POEM** **POINT OF VIEW**

NEW YORK DIARIST

Jed Perl **56** **GREEN PIECE**

Cover: ***Welcome to Your Fascist Future*** **by Jill Greenberg 2004,** ***Courtesy of Clamp Art Gallery, New York, NY***
[Go to www.tnr.com/coverart to see a collection of the artist's work]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BIG CON

BY JONATHAN CHAIT

The True Story of
HOW WASHINGTON GOT
Hoodwinked and Hijacked
BY CRACKPOT
ECONOMICS

"Prepare to be shocked."*

"Jonathan Chait is both very serious and seriously funny as he traces the rise of conservatism over the past thirty years. If you look around you at George W. Bush, his war in Iraq, the gigantic federal deficit, the festival of corruption in Washington, and the dominance of spin over truth and you wonder, 'How did we get here?' this book will remind you." —Michael Kinsley, founding editor, *Slate*

"Who says economic policy has to be dry? Jonathan Chait brings a lively wit and a limpid style to the topic. Even conservatives who disagree with his conclusions will find their thinking sharpened by reading *The Big Con*." —Ramesh Ponnuru, senior editor, *National Review*

"Jonathan Chait has nailed a large and important story about how the bamboozling of America has led to our current political mess. Bad ideas have come and gone in American history. Rarely if ever, though, has such a small band of misfits and hucksters done as much damage to the nation as the crew that this book describes. Chait lets them have it, and he writes with a mordant wit that makes the spectacle all the more satisfying." —Sean Wilentz, author of *The Rise of American Democracy*

"Jonathan Chait has written a classic of political journalism, and it should be read by anyone looking to understand the big forces at work in Washington." —*Michael Lewis, author of *Moneyball*

Houghton Mifflin
Distinguished publishing since 1832
www.houghtonmifflinbooks.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French Dressing

How the right smears Hillary and justifies tax cuts.

JONATHAN CHAIT

For most people, the alarming thing about a prospective recession is the possibility of losing their jobs or not getting a raise. For me, it's the horrifying thought that I'm going to have to go back to refuting the same tax rationales I was refuting six years ago.

The original reason we needed a tax cut was that a surplus meant taxpayers were overcharged. Then the overcharge disappeared, but we needed a tax cut on account of the recession. Currently, we need tax cuts because the fact that the recession ended means the old tax cuts are working. If the economy tanks, I assume we'll just be told again we can't raise taxes during a recession.

This Orwellian spectacle has grown so familiar that it has simply become an accepted fact of life in Washington. A *New York Times* article earlier this month called the economic expansion "one of the few positive developments President Bush and the Republican candidates have been able to cite." But, the same article proceeded to explain, "the threat of a recession would make it harder to advocate allowing President Bush's tax cuts to expire, as the lower rates are scheduled to do in 2010, and easier for Republicans to argue that Democratic proposals to raise taxes on the rich risk making the economy worse." So, if the economy keeps growing, it helps the GOP. But, if it stops growing, it hurts the Democrats. Sadly, this is probably an accurate summation of the debate.

Now, to be fair to conservatives, I should point out that no serious person actually believes that long-term tax policy ought to be used to combat a temporary downturn. It's a phony rationale trotted out for the rubes. The more serious rationale for tax cuts is that they can boost long-term growth. This rationale, however, doesn't hold up terribly well, either.

There's no perfect way to test the effect of tax rates, but it's pretty revealing to compare the current economic expansion, under which taxes were cut, with the previous economic expansion, which had a tax hike. Both the Clinton expansion and the Bush expansion featured enormous gains for the very rich. The difference is that the Clinton expansion also produced huge benefits across the income spectrum, while the Bush expansion has not.

TRB
From Washington

The most common measure of how average people have fared is median household income, which captures gains by families right in the middle. From the peak of the previous business cycle, in 1989, to the peak of the Clinton-era business cycle, which ended in 1999, median household income rose by 8.5 percent. During the Bush-era business cycle, median family income has actually *fallen*, by 2.8 percent. This is extremely bad.

Once again, let's try to be fair to Republicans. It's not really Bush's fault that his economic recovery has done far worse than Clinton's. (And, who knows, maybe it will keep going for a few years and start producing real wage gains.) Sure, I think Clinton's mix of deficit reduction, free trade, and public investment did more to foster growth than Bush's mix of tax cuts and corporate pork. But I'm willing to concede that policies probably played only a small role, and we can't give Clinton that much credit, or Bush much blame, for their economic performance. Neither the Clinton tax hike nor the Bush tax cuts probably did much to the overall economy.

If we concede this, though, then we've knocked down the central justification for GOP policies, which is that tax cuts have enormous effects on the economy. If economic growth is mostly driven by things other than fiscal policy, then we can return to the slightly higher upper-bracket tax rates of the Clinton era and have lower deficits, stronger government benefits for the non-rich, with little or no trade-off for economic growth.

So the conservative argument fundamentally depends upon denying the 1990s. There is a two-step process here. The first step is deviously brilliant: Insist that undoing the Bush tax cuts would be some radical new left-wing experiment that's never been tried before in this country. When Hillary Clinton proposed to restore the top tax rate to where it stood before 2001, Lawrence Kudlow fulminated, "This is France before Sarzoky stuff." Mitt Romney said, "I don't think that her platform would get her elected president of France, let alone president of this country." (This was in keeping with the line of attack a Romney strategy document neatly summarized as "Hillary=France.") Now, you might think that, if any comparison could be drawn from a plan to bring tax rates in the United States back to where they were in the '90s, it would be to … the United States in the '90s. But conservatives understand that this would not be sufficiently frightening, so they've decided that France is the more apt parallel.

Having successfully severed the '90s from the administration that presided over them, the second step is to suture those years onto the Republican record. Numerous conservatives, most prominently Kudlow, have begun speaking of the "twenty-five-year Reagan boom." (Note that conservatives like Kudlow are able to assert this while simultaneously asserting that, if we reinstated the policies that held sway during the most prosperous stretch of that 25-year boom, we would be just like France.)

A related trick is to find ever more statistically creative ways of giving George W. Bush credit for the '90s. Earlier this year, Republican Senator Judd Gregg asked the Congressional Budget Office to calculate how low-income families with children fared since 1991. Why since 1991? That way it would lump together eight years of low-wage growth with the four years of low-wage decline that followed. Sure enough, the study found those families enjoyed sharply higher income through the '90s and then have seen their income drop ever since. The *Wall Street Journal* editorial page seized upon this finding to declare that "the poor have been getting less poor."

Earlier this summer, visiting American Enterprise Institute scholar Arthur C. Brooks pulled the same trick. He triumphantly noted that poor- and middle-income workers have seen their incomes rise "between 1993 and 2003"—yes, eight of those ten years took place on Clinton's watch, before incomes for the poor started to drop—then proceeded to flay liberals for being obsessed with inequality. This elementary-level statistical legerdemain was considered so insightful that both *City Journal* and the *Journal* editorial page decided to print it. Perhaps those esteemed right-wing publications will also be interested to learn that Barry Bonds and I have combined to hit 762 home runs, which surely qualifies me as the greatest baseball player of all time. ◆

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BALLOONS ARE SAVING THOUSANDS OF LIVES. AND THEY CAN SAVE EVEN MORE.
Balloon angioplasty is one of the most common ways to treat the number one killer in America – coronary artery disease. But the procedure could be even more effective if best practices are shared among doctors and hospitals.
One Blue Company created a database so cardiologists could access and share the most effective angioplasty techniques. As a result, operations yielded better outcomes and fewer heart attacks. All this while saving millions of dollars in post-operative complications.
Because of this unique collaboration with doctors, the Harvard Medical School Department of Health Care Policy identified this program as a BlueWorks winner, an innovative program that saves lives and reduces healthcare costs.
See how Blue Plans are collaborating with doctors and hospitals around the country at www.bcbs.com/balloon.
BlueCross BlueShield Association
An Association of Independent Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans
Better knowledge for healthier lives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Greatest Dying

A fate worse than global warming.

Two hundred fifty million years ago, a monumental catastrophe devastated life on Earth. We don't know the cause—perhaps glaciers, volcanoes, or even the impact of a giant meteorite—but whatever happened drove more than 90 percent of the planet's species to extinction. After the Great Dying, as the end-Permian extinction is called, Earth's biodiversity—its panoply of species—didn't bounce back for more than ten million years.

Aside from the Great Dying, there have been four other mass extinctions, all of which severely pruned life's diversity. Scientists agree that we're now in the midst of a sixth such episode. This new one, however, is different—and, in many ways, much worse. For, unlike earlier extinctions, this one results from the work of a single species, *Homo sapiens*. We are relentlessly taking over the planet, laying it to waste and eliminating most of our fellow species. Moreover, we're doing it much faster than the mass extinctions that came before. Every year, up to 30,000 species disappear due to human activity alone. At this rate, we could lose half of Earth's species in this century. And, unlike with previous extinctions, there's no hope that biodiversity will ever recover, since the cause of the decimation—us—is here to stay.

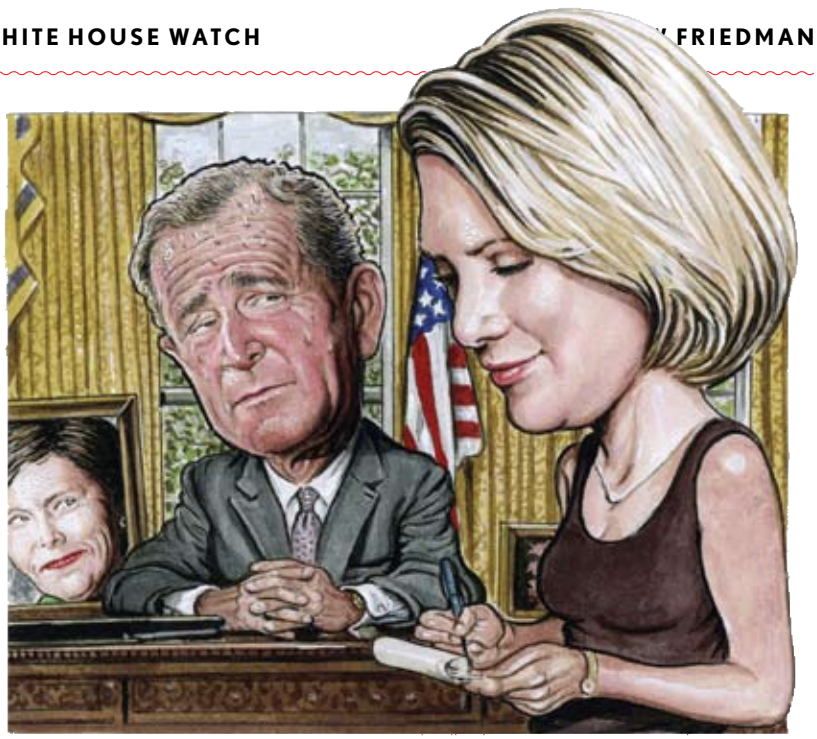
To scientists, this is an unparalleled calamity, far more severe than global warming, which is, after all, only one of many threats to biodiversity. Yet global warming gets far more press. Why? One reason is that, while the increase in temperature is easy to document, the decrease of species is not. Biologists don't know, for example, exactly how many species exist on Earth. Estimates range widely, from three million to more than 50 million, and that doesn't count microbes, critical (albeit invisible) components of ecosystems. We're not certain about the rate of extinction, either; how could we be, since the vast majority of species have yet to be described? We're even less sure how the loss of some species will affect the ecosystems in which they're embedded, since the intricate connection between organisms means that the loss of a single species can ramify unpredictably.

But we do know some things. Tropical rainforests are disappearing at a rate of 2 percent per year. Populations of most large fish are down to only 10 percent of what they were in 1950. Many primates and all the great apes—our closest relatives—are nearly gone from the wild.

And we know that extinction and global warming act synergistically. Extinction exacerbates global warming: By burning rainforests, we're not only polluting the atmosphere with carbon dioxide (a major greenhouse gas) but destroying the very plants that can remove this gas from the air. Conversely, global warming increases extinction, both directly (killing corals) and indirectly (destroying the habitats of Arctic and Antarctic animals). As extinction increases, then, so does global warming, which in turn causes more extinction—and so on, into a downward spiral of destruction.

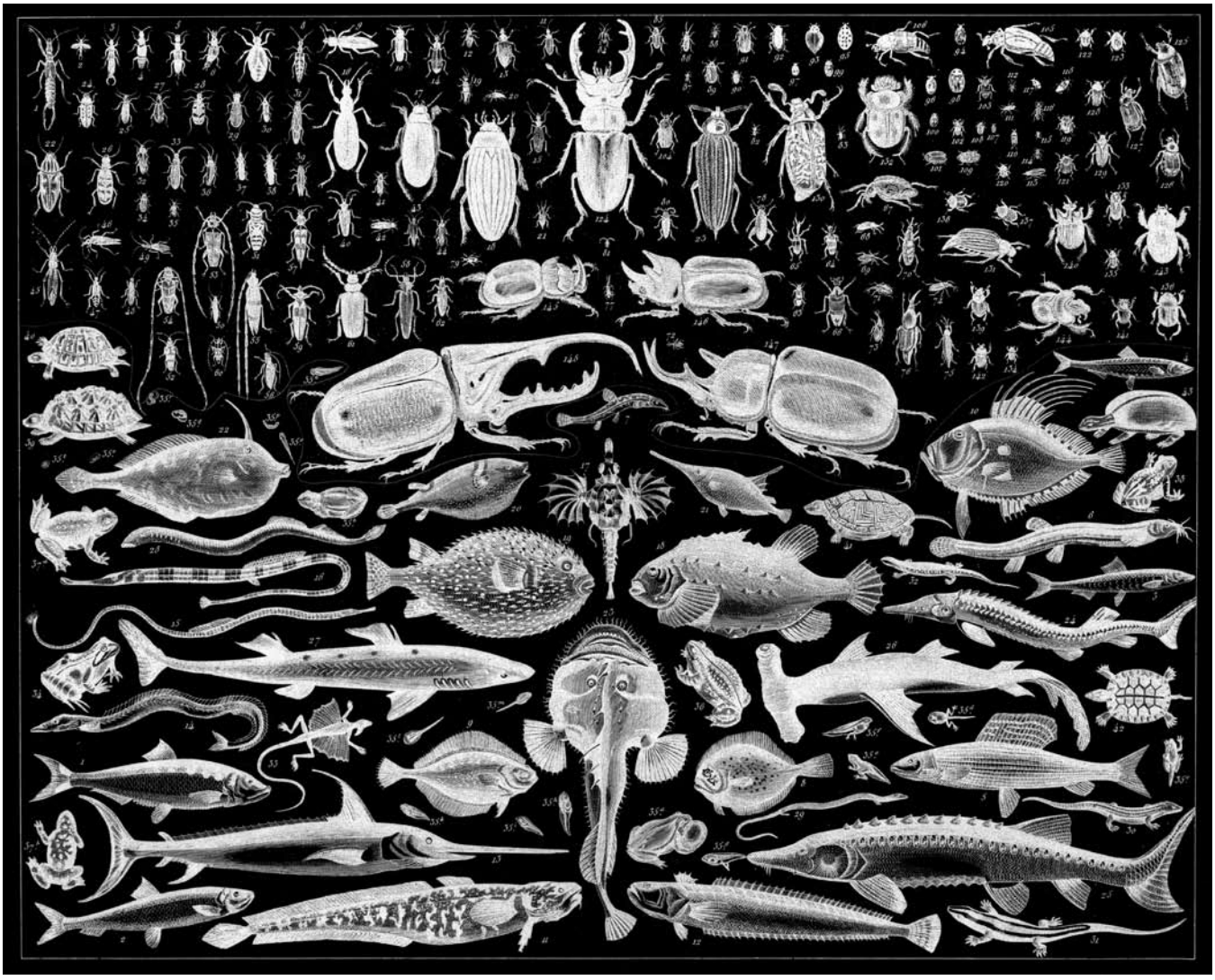
Why, exactly, should we care? Let's start with the most celebrated case: the rainforests. Their loss will worsen global warming—raising temperatures, melting icecaps, and flooding coastal cities. And, as the forest habitat shrinks, so begins the inevitable contact between organisms that have not evolved together, a scenario played out many times, and one that is never good. Dreadful diseases have successfully jumped species boundaries, with humans as prime recipients. We

WHITE HOUSE WATCH ... FRIEDMAN



In the eleventh hour of his administration, Bush turns to . . . Dana Perino.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



have gotten AIDS from apes, SARS from civets, and Ebola from fruit bats. Additional worldwide plagues from unknown microbes are a very real possibility.

But it isn't just the destruction of the rainforests that should trouble us. Healthy ecosystems the world over provide hidden services like waste disposal, nutrient cycling, soil formation, water purification, and oxygen production. Such services are best rendered by ecosystems that are diverse. Yet, through both intention and accident, humans have introduced exotic species that turn biodiversity into monoculture. Fast-growing zebra mussels, for example, have outcompeted more than 15 species of native mussels in North America's Great Lakes and have damaged harbors and water-treatment plants. Native prairies are becoming dominated by single species (often genetically homogenous) of corn or wheat. Thanks to these developments, soils will erode and become unproductive—which, along with temperature change, will diminish agricultural yields. Meanwhile, with increased pollution and runoff, as well as reduced forest cover, ecosystems will no longer be able to purify water; and a shortage of clean water spells disaster.

In many ways, oceans are the most vulnerable areas of all. As overfishing eliminates major predators, while polluted and warming waters kill off phytoplankton, the intricate aquatic food web could collapse from both sides. Fish, on which so many humans depend, will be a fond memory. As phytoplankton vanish, so does the ability of the oceans to absorb carbon dioxide and produce oxygen. (Half of the oxygen we breathe is made by phytoplankton, with the rest coming from land plants.) Species extinction is also imperiling coral reefs—a major problem since these reefs have far more than recreational value: They provide tremendous amounts of food for human populations and buffer coastlines against erosion.

In fact, the global value of "hidden" services provided by ecosystems—those services, like waste disposal, that aren't bought and sold in the marketplace—has been estimated to be as much as $50 trillion per year, roughly equal to the gross domestic product of all countries combined. And that doesn't include tangible goods like fish and timber. Life as we know it would be impossible if ecosystems collapsed. Yet that is where we're heading if species extinction continues at its current pace.

Extinction also has a huge impact on medicine. Who really cares if, say, a worm in the remote swamps of French Guiana goes extinct? Well, those who suffer from cardiovascular disease. The recent discovery of a rare South American leech has led to the isolation of a powerful enzyme that, unlike other anticoagulants, not only prevents blood from clotting but also dissolves existing clots. And it's not just this one species of worm: Its wriggly relatives have evolved other biomedically valuable proteins, including antistatin (a potential anticancer agent), decorsin and ornatin (platelet aggregation inhibitors), and hirudin (another anticoagulant).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's energy security in energy diversity.

There's strength in numbers and security in having a number of energy options. So we've invested more than $28 billion over the last five years in U.S. energy supplies, including solar, wind, hydrogen and natural gas. In fact, BP is the largest investor in energy development in the U.S. We're also investing $500 million over the next 10 years to develop advanced biofuels.
It's a start.

beyond petroleum®

© 2007 BP Products North America Inc.

bp.com/us

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plants, too, are pharmaceutical gold mines. The bark of trees, for example, has given us quinine (the first cure for malaria), taxol (a drug highly effective against ovarian and breast cancer), and aspirin. More than a quarter of the medicines on our pharmacy shelves were originally derived from plants. The sap of the Madagascar periwinkle contains more than 70 useful alkaloids, including vincristine, a powerful anticancer drug that saved the life of one of our friends.

Of the roughly 250,000 plant species on Earth, fewer than 5 percent have been screened for pharmaceutical properties. Who knows what life-saving drugs remain to be discovered? Given current extinction rates, it's estimated that we're losing one valuable drug every two years.

Our arguments so far have tacitly assumed that species are worth saving only in proportion to their economic value and their effects on our quality of life, an attitude that is strongly ingrained, especially in Americans. That is why conservationists always base their case on an economic calculus. But we biologists know in our hearts that there are deeper and equally compelling reasons to worry about the loss of biodiversity: namely, simple morality and intellectual values that transcend pecuniary interests. What, for example, gives us the right to destroy other creatures? And what could be more thrilling than looking around us, seeing that we are surrounded by our evolutionary cousins, and realizing that we all got here by the same simple process of natural selection? To biologists, and potentially everyone else, apprehending the genetic kinship and common origin of all species is a spiritual experience—not necessarily religious, but spiritual nonetheless, for it stirs the soul.

But, whether or not one is moved by such concerns, it is certain that our future is bleak if we do nothing to stem this sixth extinction. We are creating a world in which exotic diseases flourish but natural medicinal cures are lost; a world in which carbon waste accumulates while food sources dwindle; a world of sweltering heat, failing crops, and impure water. In the end, we must accept the possibility that we ourselves are not immune to extinction. Or, if we survive, perhaps only a few of us will remain, scratching out a grubby existence on a devastated planet. Global warming will seem like a secondary problem when humanity finally faces the consequences of what we have done to nature: not just another Great Dying, but perhaps the greatest dying of them all.

Jerry A. Coyne
and Hopi E. Hoekstra

Jerry A. Coyne is a professor in the Department of Ecology and Evolution at the University of Chicago. Hopi E. Hoekstra is John L. Loeb Associate Professor in the Department of Organismic and Evolutionary Biology at Harvard University and curator of mammals at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology.

Three-way

For the GOP, all roads lead to Minneapolis.

With former senator Fred Thompson's entry into the presidential race, Republicans now have at least three candidates who could have the money and votes to compete, if necessary, through the end of the primary process. And they might have to do so. In fact, when the Republicans meet in Minneapolis-St. Paul in September 2008 to choose their nominee, they might be looking at a brokered convention.

Of course, dire prognostications of brokered conventions are made nearly every election, and the GOP has had multiple strong candidates before—in 1980, for instance, in 1988, and even in 2000. But the structure of the election has changed this year. The old schedule of primaries and caucuses was designed to winnow the field. Invariably, only two candidates were left standing by March, one of whom would eventually capture enough delegates through the remaining contests to win the nomination. By contrast, the 2008 schedule concentrates more than half of the primary and caucus votes in the first month, which ends February 5. If there is no clear front-runner by then, the race will probably continue on into June and perhaps even up until the convention.

According to current estimates, Republicans will send 2,517 delegates to the September convention. By the time polls close on February 5, 1,358 of them will have been selected from states that include not only old standbys Iowa, New Hampshire, and South Carolina, but also mega-states California, New York, Florida, New Jersey, Michigan, and Illinois.

Front-loading large Northeastern, Midwestern, and Western states like this will probably benefit the current front-runner, moderate Rudy Giuliani. But GOP convention rules that benefit more conservative states will aid his opponents, thus encouraging stalemate. Next year, the Minneapolis convention will grant additional delegates to states that voted for the Republican presidential nominee in the last election; states that have elected Republican senators, representatives, and governors; and states that have Republican legislatures. This system will increase the influence of Southern and prairie states at the expense of more liberal states in the Northeast, Midwest, and West. New Hampshire, for instance, which went "blue" in 2006, will send eight fewer delegates to the 2008 convention than it sent to the 2004 convention.

Using state polls, I tried to estimate how the leading candidates would do in the 24 states that are scheduled to hold primaries or caucuses through February 5. If I couldn't find polls from late August or early September, I gave Thompson, who has risen recently in national polling and should maintain his standing, a boost in the polls. I also assumed that former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney would get at least a slight bump from winning the Iowa caucus and New Hampshire primary. When I couldn't decide who would prevail in a winner-take-all primary, I allocated the delegates equally between the two leading candidates. Where polls did not exist, or were too old to be trustworthy, I made assumptions about the regional strength of the candidates: Romney can be expected to do well in New England and the Mormon West; Thompson in the South; and Giuliani in the Northeast and Middle Atlantic states.

This methodology produced the following results: After February 5, Giuliani would be in the lead with 459 delegates, followed by Thompson with 380, Romney with 300, Senator John McCain with 131, and former Arkansas governor Mike Huckabee with 33. I wouldn't put any stock in these specific numbers, but, even if the order is wrong—say Thompson or Romney are on top, or McCain makes a miraculous comeback—it is unlikely that any of the candidates will amass a significantly larger lead than the one I estimated for Giuliani. What, then, are the front-runner's chances of winning the nomination by June, when the primaries and caucuses end?

To convert this (hypothesized) advantage into the nomination, Giuliani would have to win 800 of the remaining 1,159 delegates. Unless one of his main rivals

ANTHONY RUSSO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does the Universe have a Purpose?

Unlikely.

Perhaps you hoped for a stronger statement, one way or the other. But as a scientist I don't believe I can make one. While nothing in biology, chemistry, physics, geology, astronomy, or cosmology has ever provided direct evidence of purpose in nature, science can never unambiguously prove that there is no such purpose. As Carl Sagan said, in another context: Absence of evidence is not evidence of absence.

Of course, nothing would stop science from uncovering positive evidence of divine guidance and purpose if it were attainable. For example, tomorrow night if we look up at the stars and they have been rearranged into a pattern that reads, "I am here," I think even the most hard-nosed scientific skeptic would suspect something was up.

But no such unambiguous signs have been uncovered among the millions and millions of pieces of data we have gleaned about the natural world over centuries of exploration. And this is precisely why a scientist can conclude that it is very unlikely that there is any divine purpose. If a creator had such a purpose, she could choose to demonstrate it a little more clearly to the inhabitants of her creation…

CONTINUED ONLINE.

Lawrence M. Krauss is a professor of physics and astronomy at Case Western Reserve University and the director of the Center for Education and Research in Cosmology and Astrophysics.

Certainly.

But first let me explain. A common scientific view is that evolution occurs simply because matter obeys some unseen law whereby a simple organism will, if it evolves at all, become a more complex one. Evolution is thus a blind process without purpose and science will one

day uncover the simple mechanical rules underlying every seeming mystery. Our own lives, therefore, are equally without purpose. There is no place here for the spirit, the immortal soul.

Many people find this hard or impossible to accept. Even that great scientist Albert Einstein sustained a mystical outlook on life that was, he said, constantly renewed from the wonder and humility that filled him when he gazed at the stars…

CONTINUED ONLINE.

Jane Goodall is the founder of the Jane Goodall Institute and a United Nations Messenger of Peace.

Not Sure.

Anyone who expresses a more definitive response to the question is claiming access to knowledge not based on empirical foundations. This remarkably persistent way of thinking, common to most religions and some branches of philosophy, has failed badly in past efforts to understand, and thereby predict the operations of the universe and our place within it.

To assert that the universe has a purpose implies the universe has intent. And intent implies a desired outcome. But who would do the desiring? And what would a desired outcome be? That carbon-based life is inevitable? Or that sentient primates are life's neurological pinnacle? Are answers to these questions even possible without expressing a profound bias of human sentiment? Of course humans were not around to ask these questions for 99.9999% of cosmic history. So if the purpose of the universe was to create humans then the cosmos was embarrassingly inefficient about it…

CONTINUED ONLINE.

Neil deGrasse Tyson is an astrophysicist and the director of New York City's Hayden Planetarium.

Yes.

Consider this question: Do the Earth and mankind have a purpose?

Namely, to defeat and rise above our animal natures; to create goodness, beauty, and holiness where only physics and animal life once existed; to create what might be (if we succeed) the only tiny pinprick of goodness in the universe—which is otherwise (so far as we know) morally null and void. If no other such project exists

anywhere in the cosmos, our victory would change the nature of the universe. If there are similar projects elsewhere, more power to them; but our own task remains unchanged.

But why rise above and not blend into nature? Equivalently, from a Western viewpoint: why did the Judeo-Christian tradition replace the pagan idea of gods made in man's image with a revolutionary inversion, man made in God's? Why should we be goaded not to be ourselves but to be better than ourselves?

Why seek goodness?

Because most humans desire goodness…

CONTINUED ONLINE.

David Gelernter is a professor of computer science at Yale University and a national fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

I Hope So.

And if it doesn't, it's up to us to give it one. But first, let us consider these questions: Why the world? Why people? Why did God consider it useful or even good to introduce them into his universal plan?

If we are to believe an old Talmudic legend, these questions are as old as Creation, and perhaps even older. The angels did in fact try to dissuade him. "What good will they be?" asked the Angel of Truth. "People will be unable to keep from lying." The Angel of Peace added, "People will never be able to live in peace without quarreling amongst each other." And so why not simply give up?

Was God wrong not to listen to his celestial counselors' wise warnings? History's answer seems depressing. It didn't take long for Adam and Eve, in paradise, to disobey divine will. These pitiful parents left their two sons to argue; one became the assassin, the second the victim of the other. Death thereby made its debut into human memory in the form of murder.

Incapable of living in society, people irritated God so much that he ended up lamenting the confidence he had placed in them. Hence the devastating flood. Was it his mistake to start over again?…

CONTINUED ONLINE.

Elie Wiesel is the Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities and University Professor at Boston University. This essay was translated from the French by Jamie Moore.

To read these essays in their entirety, and to learn more about the authors, visit www.templeton.org/purpose

JOHN TEMPLETON FOUNDATION

SUPPORTING SCIENCE – INVESTING IN THE BIG QUESTIONS

THIS IS THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS ABOUT THE "BIG QUESTIONS" THAT THE JOHN TEMPLETON FOUNDATION IS CONDUCTING AMONG LEADING SCIENTISTS AND SCHOLARS. TO CONTINUE THE CONVERSATION PLEASE VISIT WWW.TEMPLETON.ORG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drops out after February 5, that would be extremely difficult. Many of the states friendliest to Giuliani, like New York and New Jersey, vote in the first round of primaries and caucuses. Of the remaining large states, only Pennsylvania seems to clearly favor the former New York mayor. The New England states, including Massachusetts, should go to Romney; and the Southern states, including Mississippi, Louisiana, and Virginia, should favor Thompson. None of the candidates currently has an advantage in Texas. So there is a very good chance that, by June, none of the Republican candidates will have secured the nomination.

Normally, a strong party chairman, the White House, or congressional leaders would force lagging candidates to drop out in favor of the frontrunner. But, with Karl Rove back in Texas and his own presidency in the doldrums, George W. Bush doesn't have that kind of clout. Republican National Committee Chairman Mel Martinez, who is seen as Bush's man, is a lightweight in party circles. And, in both the House and Senate, the GOP is in disarray. Moreover, neither Romney nor Giuliani nor Thompson currently holds office, and none has close bonds with the current leadership in Washington, reducing the party's ability to pressure them.

If these three candidates remain standing after June, the struggle for the nomination would probably move to the GOP convention's rules committee. To prevent states from racing to hold the first presidential contest, the Republican Party banned any state from holding a primary before February 5. It is now threatening to disqualify some or all of the delegates from states that failed to heed that decision, including New Hampshire and Florida, which currently plan to vote on January 22 and January 29, respectively. Obviously, that could significantly affect the delegate counts.

The nomination battle would then shift to the convention itself. In the Republican Party, each state makes its own delegate rules. A few states, like New York, do not require delegates to vote for the candidate that won the primary; they are "unbound." Most states require delegates to heed the voters' choice, but only on the first ballot. After that, they are up for grabs. In addition, when a candidate drops out, his delegates become free agents. Watching candidates scrambling for delegates or trying to mau-mau the rules committee, as happened at the 1976 Republican convention, can make for exciting television; but the strife could pose difficulties for a party that wants to use its convention to showcase its nominee. A protracted nomination battle could also sow discord within the party itself and squander funds that the candidates might want to use later.

The future of natural history? From photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto's classic series of museum dioramas, Hyena-Jackal-Vulture (1976).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which one of these contributes more to **Global Warming?**

It's not the one that starts a car.

According to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, the animal agriculture sector contributes to global warming even more than transportation does. Reducing the amount of meat, eggs, and dairy products in your diet is one of the most effective ways to reduce greenhouse gas emissions. Find out more about farm animal welfare, factory farming's environmental impacts, and what you can do to help.

Celebrating Animals | Confronting Cruelty

THE HUMANE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

humanesociety.org/food

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democrats seem far less likely to face this sort of challenge next year. Indeed, Hillary Clinton appears to be putting her competition behind her, and none of her challengers has a built-in regional advantage that will ensure a respectable block of delegates. Barack Obama can probably count on Illinois, but nowhere else. And John Edwards may not even be able to win the Carolinas.

In fact, the compressed primary schedule could make a stalemate *less* rather than more likely for Democrats. In the past, a long-shot candidate (like Jimmy Carter in 1976) could concentrate on the Iowa caucus and then use a victory there to raise his profile and to gather the money necessary to compete in the big states down the road. But now there probably won't be enough time between Iowa and the ensuing primaries for a candidate like Edwards, who is focusing on Iowa, to pick up sufficient momentum and money to carry him through the mega-state primaries to come.

Obama, for all his celebrity, is still a junior senator who will be pressured to bow out by his home-state Democrats and colleagues in Washington if he doesn't look sufficiently competitive after February 5. And, unless the Democratic electorate shifts significantly in the next few months, he won't. All of which means that, while Republicans become ever more fractious as the general election approaches, Democrats will have already spent months coalescing around a new leader.

John B. Judis

Heart of the Matter

Bush misreads Graham Greene.

In a speech before the Veterans of Foreign Wars national convention on August 22, President Bush unveiled his administration's latest Iraq war marketing strategy. After the New Coke of Weapons of Mass Destruction and the Crystal Pepsi of Middle East Democracy, we are now faced with the Classic Coke of Historical Precedent; the president's speech hinged upon a topic that many of his supporters had spent the last four years desperately avoiding any stated connection with: the war in Vietnam.

Recognizing that this was a "painful subject . . . too large to be contained in one speech," Bush decided to "limit myself to one argument," namely, the widely held belief that "the real problem" in Vietnam was "America's presence and that, if we would just withdraw, the killing would end." Just like, Bush said, Iraq today. Bush rejected such sentiment. He dismissed the "long pedigree" of anti-interventionism, suggesting that it had grown out of the American experience in Vietnam and attributing it to Graham Greene's 1955 novel, *The Quiet American*.

The president's catchpenny reading habits have sent commentators reaching either for tea leaves (such as when he read Albert Camus's *The Stranger*) or vomit sacks (such as when he boasted of having finished "three Shakespeares"). But Graham Greene?

The Quiet American's story is a love triangle whose corners are inhabited by a dyspeptic British journalist named Thomas Fowler, a clandestine CIA officer named Alden Pyle, and a young Vietnamese woman named Phuong. Pyle steals Phuong from Fowler, all the while attempting to forge a "third way" in Vietnamese politics: anti-French, anti-Communist, pro-American. Pyle is given no pause by his shallow understanding of Vietnam or by the fact that his "third way" appears impossible to achieve without deception. By novel's end, he is stabbed to death in an alley; Phuong returns to Fowler; and Vietnam's "third way" dies stillborn. Bush quoted Fowler's estimation of Pyle, which is perhaps the novel's most famous line: "I never knew a man who had better motives for all the trouble he caused."

Bush's look backward at *The Quiet American* is curious in a number of ways.

For one, Bush credited what he called "the Graham Greene argument" as having "gathered some steam" when the United States escalated the Vietnam war. Here was a clever piece of rhetorical misdirection: Bush attributed to a novel an argument it did not make about a war that began ten years after the book itself was written. Greene's argument was not one of the necessity of quitting Vietnam; it was an argument against the foolishness of getting involved in the first place. But far stranger than this intentional conflation was Bush's unintended one. He referred to Pyle, with telling fraternity, as "Alden," citing him as a "symbol of American purpose and patriotism—and dangerous naïveté." Even with this caveat, it seemed as though the president was actually encouraging his audience to confuse one of modern literature's most benighted characters with himself.

The emotionally Catholic and sympathetically Communist Greene had views of the United States that make Noam Chomsky's seem downright celebrational. His lifelong tolerance of both celestial and earthly despotism ("Thought's a luxury," Fowler tells Pyle) is not attractive. What *is* attractive is the work. To read *The Quiet American* today is to be stunned that such a devastatingly prescient book was available to the Vietnam war's architects. Greene's early diagnosis of our South Vietnamese allies' lack of enthusiasm for the fight against Communism is today difficult to counter. From 1950 to 1975, nearly 30 percent of U.S. arms aid went to South Vietnam. Virtually all knowledgeable historians of the war estimate that a dismayingly large percentage of the U.S. aid received by South Vietnam was either stolen outright or grievously misappropriated by Saigon's power structure. While right-wing bloggers and columnists condemn the 1974 antiwar Congress for cutting aid to South Vietnam, the truth is that funds were not completely cut until June 1975—two months after the South Vietnamese Army fell apart against an attacking North Vietnamese force that, only two years earlier, had been less than a third its total size. Yes, by the time it fell, the South Vietnamese government was receiving far less aid than it was accustomed to. But would more aid have forestalled victory for the North Vietnamese, who already received from their Chinese and Soviet sponsors less than half of what the U.S. provided South Vietnam? This is unlikely.

David Cowles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

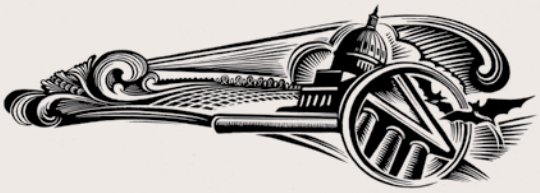
The major point of Bush's speech was what happened in Vietnam after the U.S. withdrawal and what could happen in Iraq. It is true that hundreds of thousands of non-Communist Vietnamese suffered great torment after North Vietnam's victory. While this was nothing like the AT LEAST ONE MILLION dead promised by the headline of the last issue of *Stars and Stripes* delivered to South Vietnam, the abandonment of average South Vietnamese to the bamboo gulag was unquestionably immoral. The question was whether the greater immorality was to continue to fight a failed war on their behalf. As a South Vietnamese journalist who later died in Communist custody acknowledged, "No one, in psychological terms or any other terms, can continue forever to retain the affection and assistance of the person next to them, be that a single person, a friendly country, or an ally in a desperate situation." As for Cambodia, where, in Bush's words, "the Khmer Rouge began a murderous rule in which hundreds of thousands of Cambodians died by starvation and torture and execution," the president neglected to point out which nation had marched into Phnom Penh to put an end to the slaughter: the Socialist Republic of Vietnam.

No one of any intellectual honesty believes a U.S. withdrawal from Iraq would be painless for either nation. History, however, provides suggestions, not guarantees, and literature, at its best, provides warnings. President Bush, having launched a preemptive war that failed to achieve virtually all its stated goals, is now attempting to sell what might best be called a *retroemptive* war. We are now, apparently, in the strange position of fighting one war to avoid replicating the example of another.

"You have to fight for liberty," Pyle argues to Fowler. "Don't go on in the East with that parrot cry about a threat to the individual soul," Fowler responds. "Here you'd find yourself on the wrong side. … [W]e just stand for Private 23987, unit in the global strategy." *The Quiet American* ends with the deeply compromised Fowler wishing "there existed someone to whom I could say that I was sorry." If the same thought has ever crossed the newly reflective mind of the president, we will never know—he seems to notice everything about books and historical examples but their point.

TOM BISSELL

Tom Bissell's latest book, THE FATHER OF ALL THINGS: A MARINE, HIS SON, AND THE LEGACY OF VIETNAM, was published in March.



On the Hill

VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN

John Warner takes a shot of courage.

AT LAST WEEK'S Armed Services hearing, Senator John Warner appeared to have a Bulworth moment. After acidly noting that last January's National Intelligence Estimate judged that political progress in Iraq was an impossible dream, the patrician Republican attacked General David Petraeus's very conscience: "I hope, in the recesses of your heart," Warner said, his white eyebrows furrowing gravely, "you know that [the surge] will continue the casualties, stress on our forces, stress on military families, stress on all Americans. Are you able to say … if we continue what you have laid before the Congress here as a strategy—do you feel that that is making America safer?"

Petraeus, stunned, spat out a line about "achieving objectives," but Warner cut back in. "Does that make America safer?"

This was the John Warner Unplugged that the 80-year-old senator promised in a recent speech at the University of Virginia, where he announced his plans to retire in 2008. "By taking this action," he declared portentously, "no one can say politics is going to dictate, in one way or another, how I'm going to decide to speak out about what's in the best interest of this nation." The speech gave hope to Democrats desperate to have Warner on their side on Iraq and dreaming that he'll bring other Republicans with him. Warner fanned the flames further at the end of last month, declaring that Bush should begin a small troop withdrawal by Christmas.

Any student of Warner's career knows that this sort of renegade behavior hardly comes naturally to him. And, since Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid says he wants to work more closely with Republicans on Iraq in the fall, the direction of the war debate in the Senate could hinge on whether Warner will shed his legendary courtliness and actually make a break.

IN THE MID 1990S John Warner confessed that he had been questioned by a police officer in the middle of the night. But Warner's crime wasn't crashing his car in a prescription-drug-induced haze, nor was it tapping his foot suggestively in a men's bathroom: Rather, the senator had attempted to pluck a red-and-orange tulip from a Capitol flowerbed, hoping to use it as a model for an oil painting.

When he showed up to the Senate in 1979, Warner was an eccentric caricature of the Virginia gentleman. Born into a wealthy Washington family and educated at hoity-toity St. Albans, Warner spent his early career in the military—he volunteered for the Navy at 17, served in the Marines in Korea, and became Richard Nixon's secretary of the Navy. But instead of embracing the brusque, hoo-ah style of the modern military, he looked and acted as though he stepped out of the Duke of Wellington's detail at Waterloo. "He wears those English-style three-piece suits and he had a lot of money and rode horses," an aide of his at the Pentagon told *The Washington Post*, when asked why colleagues ridiculed him. Antiquely dashing, with an Andrew Jackson–esque shock of white hair, he romanced Elizabeth Taylor (who nicknamed him "Stuffed Shirt") and bedded down at a country estate that boasted 600 head of Hereford cattle and a nature preserve.

But, as his career progressed, Warner began to cultivate the more substantive side of his gentlemanly persona: a love of respect and honor and a distaste for partisanship. In 1994, he barnstormed Virginia against the dishonorable Oliver North, destroying North and de facto installing a Democrat in the Senate. "I stood on my principle," Warner said, explaining why he risked political destruction at the hands of angry conservatives. "That's the price of leadership."

Since then, wherever the higher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Beautiful Game

In defense of ping-pong.

In the popular imagination, table tennis has never recovered from its origins as a parlor game. Because it lacks the costly glamour of lawn tennis, because you can do it on a dining room table, because people who can't play always think they can, and because it's watched at the highest level only by those who play it at the highest level, table tennis remains a joke: ping-pong—which, to lovers of the game, equates to calling grand opera sing-song.

I won't pretend, as a lover of the game myself, and as a one-time player, that I don't feel the insult personally. When the headmaster of the school I attended in North England read out pupils' achievements at morning assembly, mine were always greeted with a laugh. I was winning more medals for my sport than others were winning for football or athletics or arm wrestling, but my sport was ping-pong. In the end, the school decided to stop noticing my achievements altogether, to put an end to the hilarity. With the release of *Balls of Fury*, a movie about table tennis that calls itself "[a] huge comedy with tiny balls," the jokiness continues. Table tennis is for fools or comic scoundrels. And yet—at least until the FBI sends the hero down into an Oriental ping-pong underworld, ruled over by Christopher Walken in Fu Manchu drag—the plot of *Balls of Fury* bears striking resemblance to a real-life table tennis story that is by no means lacking in grandeur or romanticism. In the movie, Randy Daytona crashes out of the 1988 Olympics and is reduced to performing table-tennis tricks at a casino in Nevada. In life, the great American table-tennis player Marty Reisman crashed out of the World Championships held in Bombay in 1952 (a championship he was widely tipped to win) and was reduced to performing table-tennis tricks as a warm-up to the Harlem Globe Trotters. *Balls of Fury* is over in 90 minutes, but, in life, Reisman is still around, still striking the ball like a champion—I know because he lets me practice with him sometimes when I come to Manhattan, on a pilgrimage to his genius—still fuming about the injustice of his defeat and still wondering, in some corner of his heart, whether the decision might yet be overturned. The man has a sense of humor, but, for him—as I remind myself when he rings me in my London home at four in the morning to tell me that he's playing better than ever—table tennis has been no jest.

Marty Reisman, the Michael Jordan of table tennis

What happened to Marty Reisman, and, therefore, what happened to table tennis, was this: The Japanese invented the sponge bat. Hiroji Satoh, who won the title that should have been Reisman's, was

On the Hill continued

ground is, you can find John Warner. He declined to join his colleagues in pursuit of Bill Clinton. He spearheaded the Gang of 14 that broke up the fight over judicial nominations. And, as Armed Services chairman, he forged a close partnership with liberal ranking member Carl Levin. "That relationship typifies the way things were meant to operate up here on Capitol Hill," says an otherwise hostile Democratic aide.

Warner's status as venerable Senate patriarch is what made Democrats hope that he could lead Republicans out of their slavery to Bush. Last October, after a disappointing trip to Iraq, he said the war was "drifting sideways" and that "I think we've got to make some bold decisions." Warner may have "open[ed] the floodgates to GOP criticism," the AP reported. "He is like an aircraft carrier," explains a friend of Warner's. "He moves a tiny bit, but it makes a huge wake."

And yet, this term, Warner's decisions haven't been particularly bold nor his wake very powerful. In February, he worked with the Democratic leadership to draft their nonbinding resolution condemning the surge but, in the end, voted against opening debate on his own legislation. ("No matter how strongly I feel about my resolution, I shall vote with my leader," he explained.) In April, he again engaged Democrats to create language restricting the president's war spending but, under White House pressure, added a deal-breaking provision letting Bush waive the restrictions. ("Let it rest, and wait until July.") In July, he hinted that he might prepare a debate-shifting bill with Dick Lugar but then decided to sit tight until September. ("The president indicated to me that he would respect" Petraeus's report.)

"He is not aggressive enough," complains an aide—to a *Republican* senator. "You listen to his words and you see the headlines—'Warner is jumping ship,' 'Warner is changing course'—and then you get the draft of his legislation and there's nothing there." Even a friend, Representative Jim Moran, admits it sometimes looks like Warner "has been singing off the same song sheet as the White House." But a Senate aide, speaking to *Time*, put it best: "Trying to know exactly what Warner is up to is like reading the proverbial entrails of goats."

In keeping with history, Warner's questioning at the Armed Services hearing wasn't quite as rough-and-tumble as it sometimes seemed. Despite his pique, he also appeared to evince sincere trust that Petraeus would start doing the right thing. "I know you will [take my suggestions to heart]," he said, adding that the general gave "an extraordinary performance."

Why give someone who has let you down the benefit of the doubt? Those who know Warner say it's his veneration of respect as the highest political virtue. But, in dealing with a president who's deaf to good advice, that particular virtue doesn't yield much power.

The entrails, in short, foresee Warner remaining the man he's always been. A few weeks ago, knowing he had just called for withdrawal, Tim Russert asked him: "If the president, on September 15, receives these reports but decides not to withdraw troops … what do you do?" "That's his right to do that," Warner replied, "and I will respect it."

It's a frustrating paradox. The same statesmanlike character that makes Warner the man Democrats need to break with the White House makes him too respectful to do it. *Eve Fairbanks*

BETTMANN/CORBIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little-known even in Japan. What won it for him was the technology. Before the invention of sponge, table tennis was played with rubber pimples on plywood rackets. If you were good—and no one was better than Reisman—you made the pimples sing. Sponge was silent. And reactive—fast, not by virtue of your speed of shot but simply because of what it was: a handheld mattress that absorbed all sound and spin, devilishly returning to the opponent whatever the opponent had imparted to the ball. With sponge, the music went out of table tennis, along with the inventiveness, the wit, the colloquy, the passion, and the intellection.

In their place—as the technology of racket glues and tacky surfaces has grown increasingly sophisticated, making the ball travel at the speed of light—is an athleticism that is marvelous in itself but is not truly intrinsic to the game. Today, table tennis is played at such a furious pace that no one outside Asia wants to watch it. (The single exception to Asian dominance, provided by Sweden, is only to be explained, I think, by that aspect of table tennis which no technology has ever been able to affect—its introversion. Perhaps because of the cribbed and sunless conditions in which it's played, without space for exuberance of shot or personality, table tennis has always been a sad, inward-looking sport, and sad, inward-looking people enjoy a natural advantage at the table.)

The Hungarian Dr. Roland Jacobi became the first official World Table Tennis Champion in 1926. I take his doctorate to be significant. Table tennis began as a sport for intellectuals and philosophers. It was chess in shorts and you didn't even need the shorts. You could win wearing long trousers and without ever having to remove your cardigan. But no less significant is Jacobi's nationality. Apart from the Englishman Fred Perry, founder of the casual attire empire, every world champion for the next 25 years came from one crumbling corner or another of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Hungarian Victor Barna had an amused, laconic backhand the likes of which the game has never seen since. The Viennese-born Richard Bergmann defended so far back from the table he was in another room. Even from those distances they eyed each other up like cats. You needed the shots to be a world champion in those days, but you also needed the psychology.

Whether it was the Austro-Hungarian Empire that gave to table tennis its distinctive air of melancholy reflectiveness, or whether the inherent mopishness of the game simply found its natural home there, is impossible to say. But, until sponge, it remained the perfect sport for deracinated solitaries with quick, lugubrious intelligences.

Not surprising, then, that, after the war, New York's Lower East Side became another breeding ground for great players. It was here, among immigrant gamblers and hucksters, that Reisman learned the game. Though a hustler born and, without doubt, the game's only extrovert, Reisman grew up with a taste for literature as well. The first time I met him, when he was over in Manchester for the World Veterans Championships, I was astonished to discover that what he carried in his leather shoulder-bag was not a towel and a change of shirt but his most recent and, to be honest, not-so-recent press cuttings. It would be a mistake to think of that as egomania, pure and simple. A voluble string-bean of a man—in appearance, a cross between a cardsharp and a beat poet (a switchblade is how he conceives of himself, a murderously slim weapon concealed inside a gambler's fancy vest)—Reisman has always wanted to see his genius commemorated as much in words as silver cups. Of table tennis memoirs, the snappiest remains his own contribution to the genre, *The Money Player*.

His near contemporary and longtime rival, Dick Miles—ten times U.S. champion—was more literary still. In the days when they traveled the world lifting titles together, Reisman would be out placing bets on himself while Miles stayed in his hotel reading *Ulysses*. Later, he was to write a funny, sad, and sexy novel, which has not yet, to my knowledge—and to the shame of publishers—appeared in print. But he was a man better able to deal with change and disappointment than Reisman. Hard to say, in that case, which of them was the greater player or who would have won more world championships had sponge not stolen the opportunity from them both. But, if the game is about rubbing salt in your own wounds, then Reisman wins it.

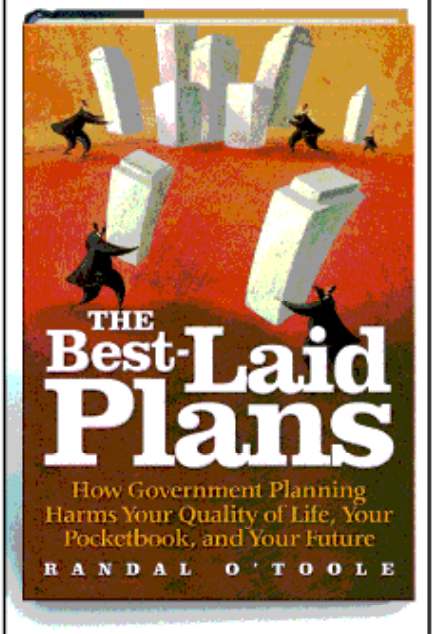
He is furiously active now, propagandizing impossibly on behalf of the "hard bat"—that's to say, the racket as it was before Hiroji Satoh. It's the dialogue of table tennis he hopes to retrieve, the classical drama of the encounter, which, today, is over with a serve, but once delighted in a beginning and a middle and ended only when you or your opponent had looked the deeper into the other's soul. For which the term is metaphysics, not ping-pong.

HOWARD JACOBSON

Howard Jacobson is a novelist whose books include THE MIGHTY WALZER *and* KALOOKI NIGHTS.

"Government planners will want to ban this book."

—ANDY STAHL
Forest Service Employees for Environmental Ethics

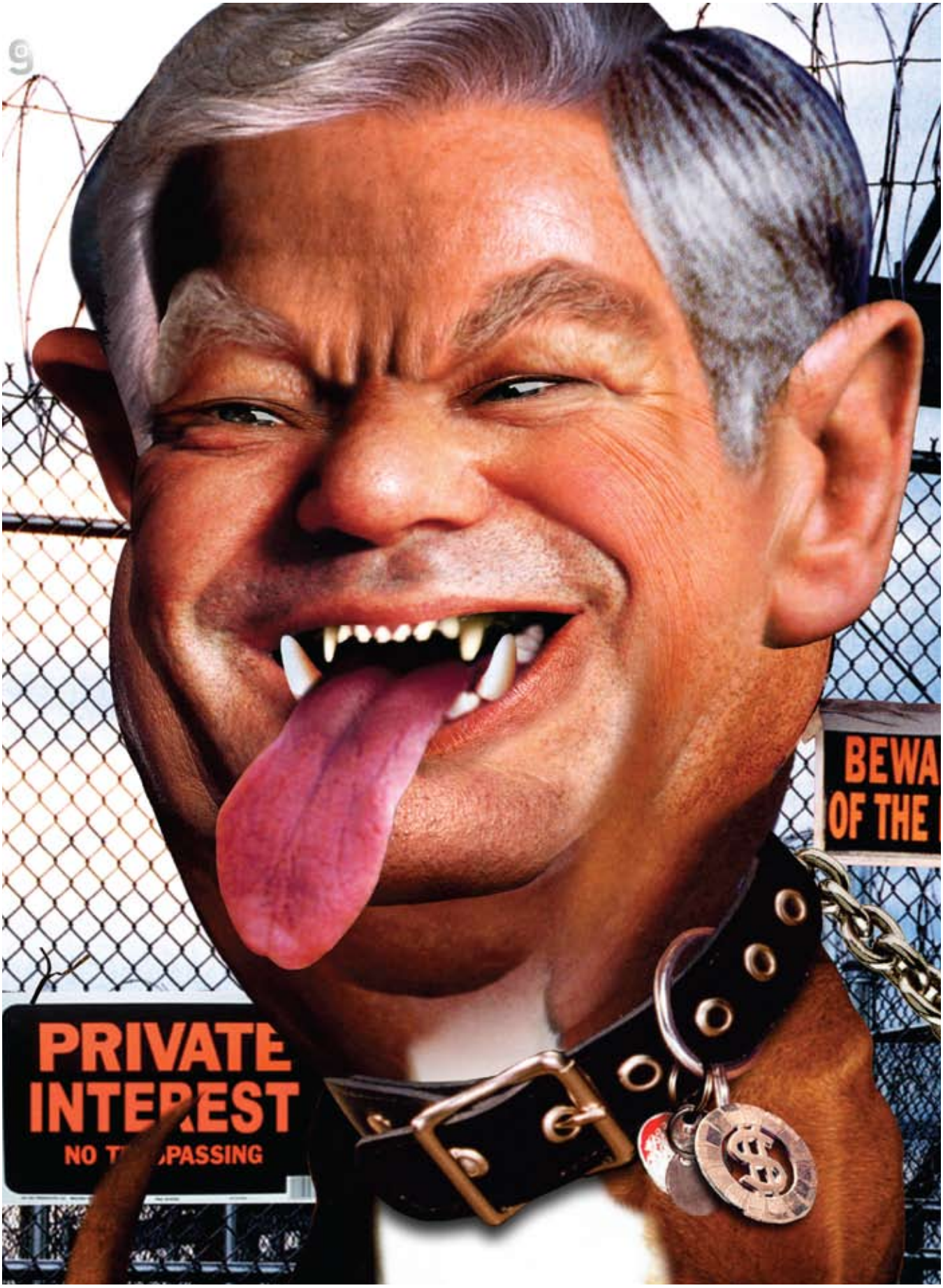


This new book reveals how government attempts to do long-range, comprehensive planning inevitably do more harm than good by choking American cities with congestion, making housing markets more unaffordable, and sending the cost of government infrastructure skyrocketing.

$22.95 • hardcover • 978-1-933995-07-6
Buy your copy today at bookstores nationwide, by calling 800-767-1241, or at www.cato.org

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Eddie Guy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barbourism

The K Street evil genius who took over Mississippi.

BRADFORD PLUMER and NOAM SCHEIBER

If, several decades from now, anthropologists set out to locate the spiritual hub of early twenty-first-century Washington, they could do worse than the Caucus Room, that bunker of a steakhouse across from the FBI building downtown. Founded seven years ago by a bipartisan klatch of moneymen and influence-peddlers—among them, famed lobbyist Tommy Boggs, Bush-family henchman C. Boyden Gray, and Clinton fund-raiser Terry McAuliffe—the restaurant caters to the bland appetites and bulging egos of Washington's expense-account elite. This, of course, becomes apparent the second you walk in the door. Prices have been set to appeal to a man desensitized by years of federal earmarks, and the décor is so heavy on mahogany it feels like you've stepped into a casket. In all, the premises boast some half-dozen private dining rooms—enough redundant capability to ensure that the backroom dealing would survive a nuclear first strike.

Even the restaurant's jokes are inside. There is, for example, the Caucus Room's "Haley's Chopped Salad." This is a bowl of greens topped with mustard vinaigrette and Maytag blue cheese. It is named after another one of the restaurant's owners—former Republican lobbyist and current Mississippi governor Haley Barbour—who, judging from his ample jowls and girth, wouldn't know a salad if it were, well, named after him.

Barbour himself is no joke, however—far from it. Over the decades, he has led a vanguard of Washington lobbyists to progressively greater heights of power and influence. After a stint as Ronald Reagan's political director during the mid-1980s, Barbour opened one of the most lucrative lobbying firms in town. From there, he leapt to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, where he helped lay the groundwork for the now-infamous K Street Project, the decade-long effort to fashion corporate lobbyists into an arm of the GOP. In 1996, according to *The Washington Monthly*, Barbour organized a meeting between the House leadership and a group of CEOs at which the Republicans were so brazen in their demands—such as insisting that the companies remove Democrats from their Washington offices and hire Republicans instead—that many of the CEOs walked out.

That was the rare setback, however. Far more often, the CEOs ponied up. And they were apparently pleased with their investment. When Barbour rejoined his old firm, now called Barbour Griffith & Rogers (BG&R), at the end of his RNC tour, many of them became his clients.

All of which is to say that it was a surprise when, in early 2003, Barbour announced he was returning to his native Mississippi to run for governor. RNC chairman was the only job Barbour had ever been elected to, and he had won that post by portraying himself as the ultimate Washington insider. "His issue was, 'I'm one of you all,'" says longtime friend and political mentor Clarke Reed, explaining Barbour's appeal to the people who select the party chair.

Barbour, who would refer to BG&R as "our little lobbyin' firm up in Washington, D.C.," campaigned for the governor's job exactly the way you'd expect a lobbyist to: by parading a contingent of suits through Mississippi to vouch for his bona fides. George W. Bush showed up, as did Dick Cheney, Elizabeth Dole, and cabinet secretaries Donald Evans and Rod Paige. Then–RNC chairman Ed Gillespie, another longtime lobbyist, gushed to *The New York Times Magazine* that the national GOP would "do everything that we're legally allowed to do" to elect Barbour. When it was all over and Barbour had won, even his celebration betrayed his K Street provenance. "One of the interesting things about his inaugural was how sparse the crowd was," notes former Mississippi governor Ray Mabus. "He just didn't know many Mississippians."

But, because maintaining ties to a powerful K Street firm while holding high public office would strain even the most liberal ethics regime, Barbour vowed to put his lobbyist life behind him once he became governor. "I can't have anything that's a conflict of interest," he told the state's largest newspaper, *The Clarion-Ledger*, two weeks after winning the election. The week he was sworn in, Barbour said, according to the Associated Press, that "he has no ownership or stock in the company he helped found in 1991." Barbour even packed his assets into a blind trust to further defuse suspicion. (Neither step was required by state law.)

Barbour announced these things with such homespun conviction that many believed him. *The Clarion-Ledger*, for one, certified Barbour as having done "all that can be expected of him in setting aside his business interests" just after he took office. But is it possible for a longtime lobbyist to truly leave his former life behind? It's a question worth asking as Barbour runs for reelection this fall amid much chatter about his vice-presidential prospects. (While in Mississippi earlier this summer, Rudy Giuliani pronounced Barbour "on the top of everybody's list.") And the question has become even more relevant in recent weeks as another former lobbyist, Fred Thompson, has joined the presidential race. Barbour is, in many ways, the perfect test case—a lobbyist who had spent his career nudging back ethical lines in the search for corporate cash. Could a man like that really go legit?

And that's where things get interesting. Earlier this summer, The New Republic received a document that appeared to be a copy of Barbour's blind trust agreement. It was dated February 27, 2004—six weeks after he'd become governor—and signed by Barbour and his trustee, a man named S. Griffin Norquist of Yazoo City, Mississippi. What immediately caught our eye were the assets the document catalogued: among them, nearly 50,000 shares of Interpublic Group, which had become BG&R's corporate parent when the partners sold the firm in 1999. This seemed to contradict Barbour's earlier statement. Either Barbour had delayed cutting ties to his firm, or he hadn't really cut them at all.

In August 1997, as Congress was putting the finishing touches on a balanced-budget agreement with the Clinton White House, two sharp-eyed freshman senators spotted something odd. *Someone* had convinced Newt Gingrich and Trent Lott to slip a $50 billion tax credit for tobacco companies into the bill at the last minute. For a month, the mystery raged

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

across Washington: Who could have engineered such an audacious giveaway? Finally, *Time* discovered the culprit: Haley Barbour, the former RNC chair *cum* millionaire tobacco lobbyist.

Today, this tale of Republicans larding bills with corporate goodies at the behest of lobbyists would hardly raise an eyebrow. At the time, it was extraordinary. And it was Barbour who did as much as anyone in Washington to make the permissiveness possible.

The Republican Party was deflated after Bill Clinton's victory in 1992, caught in an endless round of recriminations and backbiting. As RNC chairman, Barbour re-energized the GOP ranks by highlighting two priorities: He focused on economic issues rather than social ones, and he promised a harder-edged approach to politics. (Comparing Bill Clinton to Elmer Gantry, the womanizing preacher of Sinclair Lewis's imagination, was a favorite Barbour trope.) Barbour became known for branding the party with simple, trademark themes—for lower taxes, for small government, against the president. "Repeat it until you vomit" became one of the best-heeded "Barbourisms" at RNC headquarters.

Barbour's signal accomplishment was to help engineer the Republican takeover of Congress in 1994. He did this by lending critical early support to the Contract with America. "Everyone thought Newt was a brilliant guy, but people didn't have confidence that every idea of his was sound," recalls Gingrich's then–press secretary Tony Blankley. "Haley was seen as a sound political head. . . . He gave it credibility by way of his reputation." One key turning point came that March, when Gingrich and Barbour met at an Annapolis, Maryland, watering hole after a Republican retreat. Gingrich was adamant about placing a full-page ad for the Contract in a high-circulation national magazine, but the House Republicans were broke. Barbour agreed to front him the money. The resulting *TV Guide* ad was a p.r. coup.

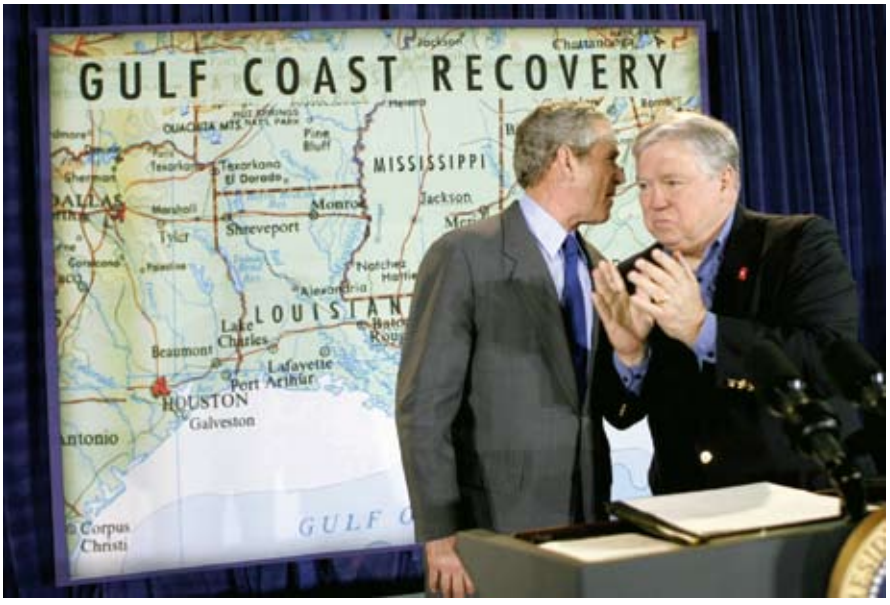
Not for nothing would Gingrich turn to Barbour for cash. Barbour's singular forte was fund-raising—cozying up to corporations and persuading them they had an ally in the Republican Party. During his RNC tenure, he convinced Big Tobacco to fork over some $12.1 million to Republicans, among other triumphs.

But Barbour's frenzied devotion to high-stakes fund-raising created its share of problems. "Ask forgiveness, not permission" was another famous Barbourism, and its author frequently had to ask forgiveness. In 1997, Barbour faced allegations that the RNC had given $4.6 million to Grover Norquist's Americans for Tax Reform for campaign purposes in the waning weeks of the '96 election—a possible campaign-finance violation. (He beat the rap when Senate Republicans blocked an inquiry.) Barbour also helped broker a $2.1 million loan guarantee from a Hong Kong businessman to a GOP front group. The sum was so staggering that it won the attention of the U.S. Justice Department, and a federal grand jury spent two years investigating whether he had illegally funneled the money into state and local races. Eventually, a three-judge panel deemed the arrangement "not criminal," which, come to think of it, is a pithy summation of Barbour's own credo.

The following year, Barbour returned to BG&R, the firm he had founded in 1991. In deference to the strictures of the K Street Project, BG&R hired Republicans exclusively, right down to the receptionists. By 2000, the company was raking in nearly $11 million a year from firms such as Microsoft, Phillip Morris, RJR Nabisco, Lockheed Martin, GlaxoSmithKline, and Bellsouth.

Through it all, Barbour never lost his status among Republicans. He continued to be a top Republican fund-raiser, helping the RNC sign up corporate donors for the party's elite "Team 100" program. In the late '90s, Barbour's firm was holding fund-raisers five times a month for Republican members of Congress, giving the likes of Trent Lott and Chuck Hagel access to his extensive Rolodex of clients and connecting them with other GOP lobbyists. And Barbour remained the chief conduit between the GOP and Big Tobacco, helping the party raise $22 million from cigarette-makers between 1997 and 2002. In 2000, Bush brought Barbour on as an informal adviser to his campaign, where, among other things, he took a leading role in painting John McCain as a bleeding heart—"Clintonesque," as Barbour told the press.

Bush's ascendance to the White House in 2000 marked an ascendance for Barbour as well. Such was his cachet that, in 2001, when the Environmental Protection Agency threatened to follow through on Bush's campaign promise to regulate carbon dioxide, Barbour helped to derail the effort for his clients without breaking a sweat. As a child, Barbour had always wanted to be a senator. Now he was arguably more powerful than a veto-proof majority of them.



Haley Barbour takes time out from steamrolling Mississippi Democrats and serving big business to talk post-Katrina reconstruction with President Bush.

REUTERS/LARRY DOWNING/LANDOV

Late last month, one of us—Noam Scheiber—traveled to Yazoo City, Mississippi, where Barbour grew up. Not quite an hour north of Jackson, Yazoo sits at a geographic crossroads—the place where hilly northern Mississippi gives way to the fertile Delta region. Yazoo was once home to an affluent professional class, but that group's only legacy today is a few leafy blocks of imposing homes. The white flight that followed public-school integration, coupled with the decline of the city's manufacturing base, dealt Yazoo a near-mortal blow in the 1970s and '80s. Its formerly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quaint downtown was almost abandoned the day I arrived. A woman at the Goodwill store—whose presence downtown was itself an ominous sign—directed me a few blocks north to a Jr. Mart when I inquired about the nearest coffee shop.

I had come to Yazoo for an unannounced visit with S. Griffin Norquist, the longtime friend who manages the governor's blind trust. Assuming the document we'd received was authentic, I wanted to ask him why Barbour had kept an interest in his old firm after publicly implying he no longer had one.

The document raised other questions, too. For example, most blind trusts involve a transfer of assets from their owner to the trust. But this document explicitly said that several of Barbour's assets, including his interest in BG&R's parent company, would not be transferred. Instead, Norquist would simply assume "full control and dominion over" them. That meant that Barbour, rather than the trust, would pay taxes on these assets and would therefore know he owned them and how much they were worth. The trust would be anything but blind.

There was also this: In May 2004, Interpublic had sold BG&R back to Barbour's former partners, Lanny Griffith and Ed Rogers (the "G" and the "R" in BG&R). Whether Barbour had also repurchased a stake in the firm had been the subject of much speculation. He had never entirely ruled out this possibility, telling reporters only that he wouldn't be involved in the buyback negotiations. I was hoping Norquist could shed light on the situation.

I found Norquist at the Bank of Yazoo City, where he is the president. Norquist was a balding, pear-shaped man of about 60, dressed in tan khakis and a white shirt. His eyes narrowed when I introduced myself and showed him the trust document. "Get out," he told me. I promptly began to stammer. "You write for The New Republic? Where's your card?" Luckily, I had anticipated precisely this scenario. Not quite soon enough to bring an actual business card from Washington. But soon enough to grab the latest issue from my car on the way into the bank. I began paging frantically through the magazine.

Finally, I pointed to my name on the masthead and shoved my driver's license in front of him. Norquist, who, prior to this point, had turned an exquisite shade of red, gradually regained his composure. He invited me to wait in the reception area. "I have a staff meeting at three-thirty," he said. "It shouldn't take more than a few minutes. We can talk then."

Norquist returned some 15 minutes later and led me into his office. He explained that another reporter seemingly in possession of the same document had been badgering him by phone for days. He had assumed I was him. As for the real me, not the me he had temporarily mistaken for his nemesis, "You're okay," Norquist said. "You and I don't have a problem." He circled back to this theme several times.

There was no way to know if Norquist had actually been in a staff meeting, or if the meeting was an excuse he had concocted in order to place a phone call. Either way, he wasn't inclined to say much about the trust. He did want me to know, apropos of nothing, that his "involvement with that has nothing to do with the bank. It has my home address on it, not the bank address. I don't even know what you've got there." I began reading from page one: "S. Griffin Norquist Jr., ... six hundred twenty-seven E. Broadway, Yazoo ..."

"Yeah, that's my home address," he said.

"Would you like to see the document?"

"No. I really can't comment on that."

You begin to appreciate the size of a place like Mississippi when you can wander through a rickety downtown knowing that several members of the governor's family are, at that very moment, within a couple of blocks of where you're standing. You truly grasp the size of a place like Mississippi when you knock on one of those relatives' doors—and they open it and invite you in for iced tea.

The door I knocked on was attached to a large, two-story brick house. Its lawn was lush and green and flowed out from a regal front porch. A fortress of shrubbery and columns surrounded it. The member of the Barbour clan who answered was the governor's older brother Jeppie, a big barrel of a man with bulldog-like features. I had apparently caught him unwinding from a long day—he was dressed in a white undershirt, brown slacks, and dark socks—but he was gracious and happy to chat. Before long, Jeppie had settled into an overstuffed couch in his den, while his bubbly wife Frances and I sat nearby in two armchairs.

The three Barbour brothers (the third, Wiley, keeps a law office in town) grew up on nearby Jackson Street. Their father was a Princeton-educated lawyer known for his intelligence and his photographic memory, which Haley inherited, according to local lore. But the elder Barbour died when Haley was only two. You wouldn't exactly have called the Barbour boys "wild." But they did emit enough rowdy energy to occasionally test the patience of their strong-willed mother. By way of illustration, Jeppie mentioned a group called the "Red Tops" that attended dances up and down the Delta when Haley was a young man. The dances would attract large crowds, and, from time to time, a fight would break out. "The Yazoo City group, I think, ended up with a reputation of—they didn't start them, but at least winning all the fights," he said.

ANTHONY RUSSO

Jeppie is a vision of what Haley might have looked like had he stayed in Mississippi. His persona is less manufactured than his brother's, his appearance a little rougher, his accent thicker. He and Frances seemed genuinely awed by the nation's capital, even though there were times in the '90s when his brother practically ran it. "Have you ever eaten at the restaurant Haley owns in Washington?" Frances asked me. "The Caucus Room?" I said. "I guess so. I've never eaten there," she replied. "From the outside, it looks very nice and very expensive," Jeppie added.

Toward the end of the conversation, I asked if I could see the rest of the house, which Jeppie's grandparents once owned. Frances and Jeppie briefly conferred about its condition, then ushered me into a living room. We were greeted by a blast of moist, warm air—we had apparently left the house's only air-conditioned room. The first thing I noticed was the elegant, antique-looking furniture, which had long ago begun to fray. My eyes then drifted to the large paintings of Barbour men decorating the walls. On the far wall was a gothic-looking portrait of Jeppie at age three or four. On my right were portraits of his four older boys and, to my left, his youngest son. All in all, it was what I imagine being trapped in a Faulkner story would feel like.

But the Yazoo City Barbours are no rubes. Jeppie was elected mayor before his thirtieth birthday and has run several local political campaigns. And two of the children in the paintings, Austin and Henry, are among the most powerful figures in Mississippi—the men to see in Jackson. Henry managed his uncle's campaign for governor and worked in his fund-raising operation at the RNC. Austin did a tour of his own in Washington and, in 2004, became the head of his uncle's federal political action committee, called Haley's PAC. Now the two brothers work at Capitol Resources, the state's most influential lobbying firm.

When I asked Jeppie where his sons had acquired their political skills,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he fixed me with a wary expression. "I guess they're just smart," he said.

Haley Barbour returned home at a crucial point in Mississippi history. The state had been slowly trending Republican for decades, and, in 1992, Kirk Fordice became the first GOP governor since Reconstruction. But Fordice never cemented GOP gains in the state: Democrats stymied his legislative aims, and a Democratic governor succeeded him in 2000.

Barbour, presumably, had greater ambitions than simply passing through the governor's mansion. He had spent the early part of his career as a Mississippi political operative helping Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan bring conservative white Southerners into the party's fold. "We were battling," recalls Clarke Reed, the chairman of the Mississippi Republican Party when Barbour was executive director. "When we first started this darn thing, ten percent of people thought they were Republicans. [Everyone else would] say, 'I'm not a Democrat, I'm a Mississippi Democrat.'" The partisan ethos Barbour had imbibed in those days was a far cry from the approach practiced by Fordice, who, in 1995, had cheerfully voted for the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor.

In Jackson, Barbour set out to do what Fordice either wouldn't or couldn't: transform the state into a GOP stronghold. Barbour initiated massive fights in the legislature over education funding and Medicaid, ending the cozy bipartisanship that had helped conservative Democrats blur partisan differences and maintain their legislative majorities. "Prior to the convening of the 2004 session, geography, race, and economic status influenced the votes legislators cast on public policy issues," write Jere Nash and Andy Taggart in *Mississippi Politics: The Struggle for Power, 1976-2006*. "The rules changed when Barbour took the oath of office. Political party began to matter." Barbour also called a special session in 2004 to push through curbs on malpractice lawsuits, even though the legislature had passed a major tort-reform bill just two years earlier. The effect, intended or not, was to deal another blow to state Democrats' biggest source of funding: trial lawyers. (In fairness, Barbour also won bipartisan acclaim for tapping his D.C. connections and steering federal money to Mississippi in the wake of Hurricane Katrina.)

Republicans credit Barbour with making the party a far more effective force than it had ever been. According to several legislators, GOP lawmakers now receive talking points and use legislative sessions to shape their party's message. Barbour's office sends a steady flow of e-mail to instruct Republicans in both chambers on how to vote, even on procedural issues. There is little tolerance for dissent. After Jessica Upshaw, a GOP representative from the Gulf coast, supported an ill-fated bill mandating legislative oversight of Katrina-recovery funds, she was reportedly disinvited from the governor's plane en route to a meeting with Bush. (Of her support for the bill, Upshaw merely says, "I won't say that I felt like I was warmly embraced for it.")

In many ways, Barbour has replicated Tom DeLay's K Street Project in Jackson. After his election in 2003, Henry and Austin Barbour joined Capitol Resources, a lobbying firm just steps from the governor's mansion—much like Barbour Griffith & Rogers overlooks Capitol Hill. The firm shares a number of BG&R's clients, including Northrop Grumman and Lorillard Tobacco Company. Most lobbying shops in Jackson are small, single-person firms, which, while business-friendly, have rarely dominated the legislature the way that Capitol Resources has, with its 15-strong battalion. "They made a habit of going after other lobbyists' clients, saying, 'If you want anything done in the Mississippi legislature, you better hire us,'" says one Democratic legislator.

One of the advantages Henry and Austin had in this competition was their unusually close access to the governor. Austin, for example, has spent a considerable portion of his expense account on his uncle's employees, according to filings with the Mississippi secretary of state. One night in 2006, he plunked down over $800 at a restaurant called Tico's for a meal with twelve members of the governor's staff. "That is highly unusual," says Mabus, the former governor. "I don't think my staff ever went out with a lobbyist." (Neither Barbour nephew responded to interview requests for this article.)

A recent Bloomberg piece illustrates the problem with the relationship between Barbour and his nephews. In July 2005, a local bond advisory firm called Government Consultants Inc. hired Capitol Resources to represent it in Mississippi. Katrina hit a couple of months later, and, in the aftermath, Barbour appointed Henry as executive director of a state commission overseeing the recovery. One of the commission's mandates was to advise the state on the sale of bonds to fund the rebuilding. When all was said and done, Government Consultants walked away with $2.4 million from the state in fees for 2006, at least $400,000 of which came from bonds directed toward hurricane recovery. The firm, in turn, paid Capitol Resources $65,000 for Henry Barbour's services between mid-2005 and the end of 2006.

As with DeLay's efforts to entrench the GOP in Washington, Mississippi Republicans are integrating lobbyists into their own political machine. Shortly after the Barbour nephews joined Capitol Resources, Henry told the *Delta Business Journal*, "[W]e're going to assist … Republican candidates in raising money both nationally and at the state level." (When Haley was chairman of the RNC, it was Henry who had worked to coordinate corporate donations to the party.) In January 2007, Democratic state Senator Shannon Walley switched parties, giving Republicans an official majority in the Senate for the first time since Reconstruction. Campaign finance records show that, a few weeks after Walley switched, he received thousands of dollars in contributions from Republican donors and lobbyists, including two checks from lobbyists at Capitol Resources.

At times, the similarities between Barbour's m.o. and DeLay's make you marvel at the sheer lack of imagination. Disgraced Republican lobbyist Jack Abramoff spent years charging the Mississippi Choctaws, a local band of Indians, outrageous seven-figure fees to watch over their casino interests. Capitol Resources has performed similar work for the Choctaws. Some of the work predated Barbour's tenure as governor, but the relationship became suddenly relevant a few years into his term. That's when the Choctaws' then-chief, Phillip Martin, proposed building an off-reservation casino near the Gulf coast. Barbour had promised to oppose any expansion of gambling in Mississippi while running in 2003. This warmed the hearts of the existing casinos that had helped bankroll his campaign, since, under federal law, a governor can unilaterally veto an off-reservation casino. And yet, despite distancing himself from the Choctaw project, Barbour never got around to killing it. There are any number of explanations for this hesitation, to be sure. The Choctaws are one of the state's largest employers; no governor would be eager to cross them. Still, the involvement

ANTHONY RUSSO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his nephews' firm is intriguing. According to one former consultant for the Choctaws, Capitol Resources was instructed to "make sure Barbour or any other state politician didn't come out more definitely" against the casino.

Barbour has always been on the cutting edge of demolishing norms of propriety in the public sphere. He wasn't ashamed to bring lobbyists into the world of partisan politics, something he had initiated in the mid-'90s and which DeLay later perfected. And he wasn't ashamed to create the perception that he was going further: using partisan politics to benefit clients of the lobbying firm he might still have ties to.

Barbour had been among the tobacco industry's top lobbyists prior to returning to Mississippi. Between 1998 and 2002, such tobacco companies as Phillip Morris, RJR Nabisco, Brown and Williamson, and U.S. Tobacco paid his firm $3.8 million. The firm has collected more than $2 million in tobacco revenue since Barbour became governor.

If the tobacco companies were hoping all this would pay dividends for them in Mississippi, they cannot be disappointed. In 2006, the state legislature passed a so-called "tax swap" bill. Supported by Amy Tuck, the lieutenant governor and, until then, a faithful Barbour ally, the measure would have raised the state's tobacco tax, one of the country's lowest, and lowered its ultra-regressive grocery tax. Barbour twice vetoed the plan and twisted enough Republican arms to sustain it—despite the fact that some 70 percent of Mississippians supported the legislation. "The tobacco companies, we barely even saw them," says Steve Holland, chairman of the House public health committee. "They didn't have to show up because they had the big boy fighting for them." To this day, few in the GOP have dared cross Barbour on the matter. Recently, lobbyists from the Mississippi Health Advocacy Program asked several Republicans to pledge to raise the tobacco tax. They encountered near-universal resistance. "A lot of Republicans are saying, 'Do you know what you're doing? If I sign this thing, then Haley will come and dump more money into my opponent's campaign,'" says Roy Mitchell, the program's director.

This year, legislators tried again, introducing two more bills that would have halved the state's grocery tax and raised the cigarette tax by $1. Barbour didn't even lift his veto pen this time around—the bills died at the hands of Senate finance committee chairman Tommy Robertson. Oddly, Robertson had been a vocal advocate of previous tax-swap bills. Earlier this year, however, he and two other Republican legislators—who, in their day jobs, are lawyers—had received a $1.2 million contract from the Mississippi Development Authority, which is overseen by the governor, to help homeowners finalize their Katrina grants. The contract raised more than a few eyebrows. (In an interview, Robertson said the contract—which was cleared by the state ethics commission on a party-line vote—had "absolutely nothing" to do with his stance on the tax swap.)

Barbour's attempts to kill the tax swap weren't his only gift to the tobacco industry. In 1997, then–attorney general Mike Moore won $4.1 billion for the state in a landmark lawsuit against Big Tobacco. As part of the settlement, a state court created the Partnership for a Healthy Mississippi, a $20-million-a-year tobacco-prevention program to be run partly by Moore, and ordered Mississippi to fund it. Teen-smoking rates in the state had plummeted in the years since the creation of the Partnership. But, when Barbour came into office, he initiated a lawsuit to dismantle it, arguing that the program didn't receive enough legislative scrutiny.

Most onlookers think the battle was personal. In speeches to Republican supporters, Barbour would insist he wasn't going to let Moore have $20 million a year to effectively run a campaign for future office. Meanwhile, Barbour subsequently vetoed a bill that would have addressed his concerns. As he rounded up the votes to sustain it, Barbour claimed the program was diverting money to the Legislative Black Caucus, which ran a youth-leadership program funded by the Partnership.

Late last year, Moore met with Barbour and issued a personal appeal. "I told him, if you'd rather have the legislature do this … that's okay," Moore recalls. Barbour merely thanked him and promised to call. He never did.

In the same November 2003 *Clarion-Ledger* article in which Barbour committed to avoiding conflicts of interest, he also made the following statement: "My partners and I are trying to work out … what is the appropriate way for them to buy me out." Barbour seemed to be referring to his stake in some sort of profit-sharing arrangement, which is common among partners in a small firm bought out by a large corporation. There is evidence that the quote was disingenuous, however. The blind-trust agreement—which an employee at the Bank of Yazoo City examined before confirming that she had notarized one of the signatures on it, and which Bloomberg subsequently reported on—contains the following statement: "The trustee will direct Interpublic to make any payments of any sort, specifically including but not limited to dividends, net income payments, bonuses, etc., arising from Interpublic's ownership of Barbour, Griffith & Rogers, Inc. due to Haley R. Barbour to this A.G. Edwards account." It's not clear what purpose such payments would serve if not to compensate Barbour for his ties to the firm.

That said, there's no way to know if Barbour currently has an interest in BG&R without probing either the current contents of the trust or his brain, and the latter may be easier than the former. "It's a blind trust, which means we don't talk about it," the governor's office has said, apparently confusing two unrelated disabilities. When asked to comment for this article, Barbour spokesperson Ryan Annison told us, "We will not be responding to your six-page laundry list of questions, which is full of inaccuracies and biased innuendo. … Tell your sources and allies at the Democrat Party we send our regards." He declined to elaborate on the alleged inaccuracies.

So has Barbour really severed ties to his old lobbying outfit? There is one final detail worth contemplating before passing judgment. A little before 9 a.m. local time on the morning of June 19 of this year, a Cessna carrying Barbour departed Jackson-Evers airport in Mississippi for Washington, D.C. The flight touched down at Dulles airport a few minutes after noon, marking the fifteenth time since January 1, 2007, that the governor's plane had landed in the Washington area.

Just under an hour later, TNR observed a hulking black GMC Yukon deposit Barbour outside a nondescript building at 1275 Pennsylvania Avenue, the site of the lobbying firm Barbour Griffith & Rogers. Barbour, wearing a dark suit and a sea-blue tie and identifiable by his nature-defying helmet of hair, strolled into the building alone, save for a laptop carrying-case and a cell phone. He stopped to exchange a few words with a receptionist, then disappeared from view. Roughly 90 minutes later, he exited the building with a red-headed man at his side. The two entered the Yukon and rode away down Pennsylvania Avenue. Just another day at that "little lobbyin' firm up in Washington, D.C." ◆

Additional reporting by Samuel Jacobs and Sophia Lear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Devil's Advocate

Is Fred Krupp an environmental savior or a corporate stooge?

JAMES VERINI

MANDEL NGAN/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

On a hot spring evening in early May—the kind that elicits nervous global-warming jokes—a crowd of powerful and wealthy people are gathered at a cocktail party in the banquet hall in the Hart Senate Office building on Capitol Hill, sipping wine and talking carbon. The advocacy group Environmental Defense is throwing the party, but mixed among its staff and the requisite Democratic lawmakers are attendees who normally wouldn't be caught dead in the company of career tree-huggers: bankers, energy company executives, suits from General Motors, Chevron, NASCAR—yes, NASCAR—and a bunch of right-leaning multimillionaires. Virginia Senator John Warner is here, with his lupine frown. Warner, of course, is a Republican, as is Indiana's Richard Lugar, who spoke earlier in the day at E.D.'s board meeting. Both men rated a whopping 20 percent from the League of Conservation Voters last year.

Colorado Senator Ken Salazar, the official host of the party (and a rancher from a mining state, no less) gets up before the crowd.

"We have one person to thank fo—" Salazar begins, then stops. Everybody looks around. "Where's Fred?"

At last, Fred Krupp peeks his still-boyish 53-year-old face out from behind a group that didn't notice him standing next to them and flashes a sheepish grin.

"Theeere's Fred," Salazar says, before turning back to the crowd to attest to his concern for the fate of the earth.

Discrete by nature, Krupp can afford to be, especially so lately. Such is the clout he's accumulated in Washington and on Wall Street. Krupp, of all environmentalists, has been the most successful in persuading the corporate world—and those who support its interests—to embrace the green cause. Among his accomplishments, Krupp has helped convince McDonald's to abandon Styrofoam for paper, Wal-Mart to stock energy-efficient light bulbs, Duke Energy to invest in wind power, and Federal Express to use hybrid trucks. He was one of the main architects of the Kyoto Protocol and is a linchpin in Mayor Mike Bloomberg's GreeNYC plan. In January, he assembled the United States Climate Action Partnership, a watershed consortium of Fortune 500 companies pledged to cut global warming. And, in February, he convinced billionaire Henry Kravis and his partners to amend the biggest private equity buyout in history, the $45 billion TXU Energy deal, by scrapping plans for a raft of new dirty coal-burning electricity plants.

Krupp has been able to accomplish these feats because people who don't like environmentalists like him. He was reportedly once called "my kind of environmentalist" by George H.W. Bush. After the TXU deal, *The Wall Street Journal* published a fawning article titled HOW FRED KRUPP'S SINGULAR STYLE SERVES BUSINESS, ENVIRONMENT WELL.

Krupp inspires such trust because he has imported the culture of the deal to the green movement. He'll work with the GOP, oil men, obdurate polluters, and any other stock environmental bête noir open to sitting down and negotiating. And, unlike most environmentalists, he shares their reverence for the marketplace. "What Environmental Defense is trying to do is create markets that give companies the incentive to do the right thing—to harness greed, harness innovation," he recently explained to me. "Capitalism is a powerful thing." This philosophy has enabled him to transform E.D. from a small, litigious 1960s gadfly into arguably the most influential environmental group around, a $70 million-per-year outfit with corps of scientists and lawyers, a board that includes machers ranging from Teresa Heinz Kerry to a scion of Wal-Mart's conservative Walton family, and offices from New York to Sacramento to Beijing. Krupp's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what is essential$_2$america?

saving energy, reducing emissions

American Chemistry supplies advanced materials that make the U.S. economy more energy-efficient, helping to reduce U.S. greenhouse gas emissions.

americanchemistry.com
essential

©2007 American Chemistry Council, Inc. essential$_2$ and americanchemistry.com are registered service marks of the American Chemistry Council, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supporters say he represents the future of American environmentalism.

But Krupp's critics, who include more traditional and radical environmental activists, think differently. "[E.D.'s] major activity is really serving as lobbyists for commercial corporations in their dealings with environmental issues," says Barry Commoner, a biologist and seminal movement figure. Others paint him as an opportunist. Robert Brulle, a Drexel University sociologist who studies the environmental movement, says, "Krupp looked around the room of environmentalists in the 1980s. He saw that the left side of the room was full. But the right side of the room was pretty open. So he went right." Krupp's nickname among certain movement radicals is Fred Corrupt. Whether supporter or critic, no one denies that, in his 23 years at E.D.'s helm, Krupp has changed American environmentalism enormously. The question is whether his pragmatic, market-friendly approach will help save the planet—or just help companies save their skins.

No deal better embodies Krupp's beautifully choreographed platinum activism than TXU. In April 2006, the Texas-based electric company announced plans to invest $11 billion building eleven new coal-fired plants. Public anxiety about fossil fuels and their role in global warming tends to focus on oil, but coal—especially in states like Texas with lax regulations—can put a lot more pollutants into the air. The utility had already inflamed environmental groups because it had some of the dirtiest plants in the country, and, in response to this latest outrage, local groups had launched protests. A coalition of Texas mayors formed to combat the new plants.

Krupp took a different approach—at first, in typically polite Krupp style, he contacted TXU chairman John Wilder and requested a meeting. When Wilder refused, however, Krupp launched a "Stop TXU" campaign that involved a federal lawsuit and TV ads. But his most effective maneuver was going to Wall Street to explain to banks and investors why they shouldn't finance TXU's expansion. The company's stock began to sink. Wilder started to panic. He knew that Krupp could make a stink not only on Wall Street but in Washington, threatening TXU's ability to get operating licenses.

However, a C-SPAN-style fight over licenses was not what Krupp wanted either. He wanted TXU to atone and preach the environmental gospel. Most of all, he wanted a deal. Several months later, in February 2007, he got his chance. Henry Kravis's Kohlberg Kravis Roberts (KKR) and its partners, private equity firm Texas Pacific Group and investment bank Goldman Sachs, announced plans to buy the Texas utility. William Reilly, EPA chief in the first Bush administration and a longtime friend of Krupp's, was leading negotiations for Texas Pacific. He called Krupp and another environmental nonprofit, the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), and asked them to sit down with the buyers. Reilly then convinced them that Krupp could be trusted. "I said, look, this is a guy who can keep secrets," Reilly says, "and he'll do deals."

During a 17-hour negotiation in a San Francisco hotel room in late February, KKR and Texas Pacific agreed to scrap eight of the eleven new plants. Krupp's lieutenant in the negotiations, Jim Marston, whom Krupp advised by phone, also got the buyers to sign on to Krupp's Climate Action Partnership and to make future executive pay at TXU contingent on cleaning up. Finally, Krupp gave the deal his blessing, and the buyers, for their part, got to flaunt it. "Goldman Sachs decided they didn't want to get in this war, they didn't want people picketing them," Marston says. "They wanted to use us, so our job was to figure out how to use them."

The TXU deal was generally touted as a triumph for the environment as well as evidence of the green movement's newfound sway in the boardroom. It was also a highly public victory for Krupp and his style of negotiation. Most executives and politicians I spoke to cited his patience and discretion, making it clear that other environmentalists they have encountered don't share these traits. "He's thoughtful and careful, and he's nuanced," Duke Energy CEO Jim Rogers says. "That gives him the credibility to be effective."

But not everyone was pleased with the deal, including a number of environmentalists and their allies, who felt it didn't go far enough, as well as smaller advocacy organizations, who felt big-footed by Krupp. "We couldn't have stood up and said that building three coal-fired plants is the way to move forward on global warming," Chris Williams, director of Greenpeace's global-warming operations in the United States, says. Tim Hermach, Executive Director of the Native Forest Council, is blunter. E.D. and NRDC "should be hung for what they've done," he told *The Wall Street Journal*.

Then–Dallas Mayor Laura Miller, who led the coalition of Texas mayors, calls Krupp's agreement feckless and unenforceable and claims that Krupp allowed the buyers to leave the three worst-polluting plants in place. "The shocking thing to me was this supposedly great deal was not a big deal at all," Miller says. "KKR and Texas Pacific are not stupid—they're going to bring the guys in the room most likely to do a deal."

But, in Krupp's book, that is precisely the point. Doing a deal is how things get done in business and politics. Kravis and his partners were under no obligation to play ball and, faced with any other environmentalist, probably wouldn't have. Krupp convinced them to. "We're all about winning," he says. "If we can't win everything, we work to win as much as we can."

E.D.'s main offices, on the upper floors of an office building on Park Avenue South in Manhattan, are not very nonprofit in feel. They're spacious and airy, with large, glossy photographs of wildlife framed on pristine white walls. Nor does Krupp much look the part of a vocational bleeding heart. From certain angles, he strikingly resembles Richard Gere. More gentleman than officer, Krupp favors under-pressed gray and blue suits, subdued ties, and black wingtips in need of resoling. Not inappropriately, the overall effect is of an unbothered WASP banker, not the Jewish lawyer Krupp in fact is.

In Krupp's corner office are photos of him with assorted big wigs, including George W. Bush.

"Surprised to see that one?" Krupp asks. "I was kind of surprised to be there." With Bush, perhaps, but not in the White House: The neighboring shots show Krupp with George H.W. Bush, Bill Clinton, and Al Gore.

Krupp is an operator, and, like all operators, he has no shortage of ego, albeit ego of the self-effacing, even bashful, kind. First clauses like the following are common when he talks: "So I was visiting with [former AIG chairman] Hank Greenberg, and he said …" "Then I had lunch with [Dupont CEO] Chad Holliday, who …" "I called [General Electric CEO] Jeff Immelt to say …"

"Sometimes they joke that I know more of them than they do of each other," Krupp says of the CEOs. But he bristles when I ask if he's particularly close with any of them. "There's no one I vacation with." Still, Krupp's life more closely resembles that of a successful New York businessman than an environmental advocate. This year, he will make about $415,000 in salary and benefits. His shoulders are slightly slouched from rowing; he competes in races on the weekend, near his colonial-revival home in New Canaan, Connecticut. There are no solar panels on the roof, no wind-farm in the yard. But he rarely uses air conditioning and drives a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fred Krupp (fourth from left) joins FedEx and the Governator in 2003 to unveil the company's hybrid delivery trucks.

MARK RICHARDS/ZUMA PRESS

Prius, as does his wife, Laurie Devitt, a nutritionist he met in New Haven where he spent his undergraduate years at Yale.

Krupp's ambition to save the earth began in childhood. One set of windows in his office looks to the west, towards New Jersey, where Krupp grew up in the town of Verona, where his father was a small-time businessman and his mother a teacher. The local lake was contaminated by chemical run-off. A field where Krupp played as a boy was overrun by suburban sprawl. "I can literally remember seeing wildlife scurrying away from the bulldozers," he says.

Krupp recalls the engineering professor at Yale who convinced him that he was meant to be an environmentalist. The professor did not share the disdain for industry that Krupp found in the campus radicals. "He talked about people lowering their voices and understanding each others' goals," Krupp says. "I just found his philosophy so positive and optimistic. That you could solve problems if people could really talk to each other."

After law school at the University of Michigan, he returned to New Haven to start his own law firm and help found a nonprofit, the Connecticut Fund for the Environment, which is still there. Five years later, at the age of 30, he took over E.D. It was the mid-'80s, and American environmentalism was foundering. After two decades of growth triggered by Rachel Carson's 1962 book, *Silent Spring*, the movement faced a ferociously hostile White House. Love Canal, Three Mile Island, and the OPEC crisis were still fresh in the collective memory, and yet the Reagan administration was busy gutting the EPA. The public was worn out, and Wall Street, in the midst of a bull market, could not be bothered.

E.D., too, was rudderless. Founded in 1967 around a kitchen table by a cadre of Long Island lawyers, its mandate was plain: litigate. The group scored a victory in the '70s when it helped ban the pesticide DDT. "Sue the bastards" was its informal motto. But, by the mid-'80's, conservative judges less inclined to rule in its favor were in the ascendancy, and brash, publicity-savvy organizations like Greenpeace were absorbing more and more donor dollars.

Krupp set out to turn E.D. around as Henry Kravis might an ailing company. He stepped up membership and marketing, implemented performance reviews, cultivated the press, and encouraged staff scientists to research big issues, such as a then-little-understood phenomenon—global warming. He recruited wealthy, dialed-in board members such as Wren Wirth, wife of former Colorado Senator Tim Wirth, and Heinz Kerry (she's still involved). Sensing which way the wind was blowing, Krupp downplayed litigation in favor of promoting market incentives. Instead of taking companies to court, he urged, why not minister to them—offer them expertise, show them how to profit from recycling and conservation, introduce them to legislators.

Krupp trumpeted his vision in a 1986 op-ed column that he published, tellingly, not in *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post*, but in *The Wall Street Journal*. It heralded a "third stage" of environmentalism. "The American public does not want conflict between improving our economic well-being and preserving our health and natural resources," he wrote. "The early experience suggests it can have both."

The column did not win Krupp a lot of friends among the Greenpeace crowd, but it had an immediate impact in Washington. C. Boyden Gray, George H.W. Bush's personal attorney, read it, and, when Bush took office, he called Krupp in. Most environmentalists reviled Bush (and still do) for his role in the rampant deregulation of the Reagan years. Not Krupp. He knew Bush was a patrician at heart, far more environmentally sympathetic than he let on to his conservative base. After all, Bush was proposing the first amendments to the Clean Air Act since 1977, and he had poached Krupp's old friend William Reilly from the World Wildlife Fund to head the EPA. In fact, Bush even proposed elevating that post to the cabinet.

Krupp was ready for his debut. He was ready to make deals. And, if his pulley into Washington's power circles happened to be hooked to a Republican president, so be it.

Gray, who has gone on to become a stalwart of the right, brought Krupp in for a reason: Bush needed a fresh green face to get behind his revamped Clean Air Act. Back in 1988, Bush had narrowly beat out Bob Dole and Pat Robertson in the New Hampshire primary, in part by promising to reduce acid rain. Since then, Bush's ratings had been slipping. If he delivered on the acid-rain pledge, Bush hoped, he could gain some badly needed traction with a recession-weary public.

Krupp agreed to back the amendments. But, in return, he wanted from Bush a number of concessions, among them a controversial new idea—a cap-and-trade program for sulfur emissions from power plants, the cause of acid rain. Krupp's plan was this: The government would put a mandatory ceiling on sulfur, and companies would then buy or sell pollution credits on a trading market. Lower polluters would save money, while big polluters would have to shell out. It was the ultimate market incentive. Krupp didn't invent the idea—emissions trading had been discussed for years but never implemented on this scale. Other environmentalists were skeptical, as was Reilly, but Krupp was adamant about the idea.

And, in the fall of 1990, Krupp, all of 36, stood behind Bush in the East Room as the president signed his plan into law. Bush thanked Krupp for "bringing creativity to the table to end what could have been a hopeless stalemate," a line that caused liberal environmentalists to cringe. Not Krupp. "It was kind of neat when he said that," he tells me.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bush lost the next election, but the trading program eventually worked, winning praise on both sides of the aisle. "His program was one that many of us were skeptical about," California Representative Henry Waxman recalls. "But we went ahead and adopted it, and it's been very, very successful."

Shortly before Krupp made his name in Washington with the Clean Air Act amendments, he had burst onto the corporate radar when he convinced McDonald's to stop using Styrofoam. It all began with a polite letter, in which Krupp offered to design a waste program for the fast-food chain—a proposition McDonald's accepted. Krupp's deal put an end to years of protests and boycotts against McDonald's, to the consternation of certain of his compatriots, who had fomented a good deal of public outrage against the company. According to McDonald's, Krupp's plan has cut their garbage by hundreds of millions of tons.

More recently, Krupp has taken on a similarly reviled partner in Wal-Mart. Reacting to the public backlash against his company, CEO Lee Scott has undertaken a massive—and, by most accounts, sincere—green campaign. He's courted Krupp, and vice versa. In April, E.D. opened an office across from Wal-Mart headquarters in Bentonville, Arkansas, and, last year, Krupp took Scott on a global-warming field trip, visiting farms in Kansas and climatologists in New Hampshire.

Krupp's relationship with Wal-Mart does not stop there. E.D. receives the lion's share of its funding from foundations and charitable trusts, and Krupp pointed out repeatedly that he is very careful not to take donations from its corporate partners *or* their foundations. But records show that E.D. does take money, quite a lot of it, from foundations closely affiliated with and deeply invested in those companies. According to its IRS filings, for instance, the Walton Family Foundation, a large holder of Wal-Mart stock (the foundation is known primarily for funding conservative causes), has given E.D. at least $1.7 million since 2003. "The family's money and the company's money is almost indistinguishable," Nu Wexler, a spokesman for the group Wal-Mart Watch, says. Sam R. Walton, grandson of Wal-Mart founder Sam Walton, is also an E.D. board member.

Unsurprisingly, Krupp doesn't view this as a conflict of interest. "We see a distinction between taking money from companies and their corporate foundations and from families that are supporting our work," he says of E.D.'s connection to the Walton family.

But it may be too simple to discredit Krupp on the basis of his organization's symbiotic relationship with corporations. Despite his reputation for being discrete, Krupp has not shied away from publicly attacking powerful allies when they abandon pro-environmental positions.

Though Duke Energy's Jim Rogers was eager to extol Krupp, he didn't mention the fact that E.D. recently sued Duke over its pollution controls—and won. Then there's George H.W. Bush. In 1992, Krupp was present at another White House ceremony, but, at this one, Bush—in the midst of a flagging reelection campaign—announced a freeze on environmental regulations for economic reasons. Afterward, Krupp let loose to reporters. He called the freeze a "wholesale handout to the American business community." The next day's *Washington Post* reported that Gray and Bush aide Michael Boskin stood by fuming while Krupp unleashed. "Outrageous, outrageous, who let him in?" Boskin sputtered.

Krupp, for his part, defends his relationships with his corporate allies, even those who don't share his lofty goals. "It's true a CEO might have a combination of motives, including improving their reputation, including making money, including doing the right thing," he says. "And it may be that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doing the right thing is the least important motivation. We don't really care about that. What we care about is, are we putting them on track to do big and important things?"

Indeed, those goals may even depend on Krupp keeping the movement's traditional enemies closer than its friends. Krupp is going to need Walton and every other conservative moneybags in his Rolodex, as well as every politician he's ever met, to pull off his next big idea: the United States Climate Action Partnership (USCAP). Krupp was a bellwether on global warming 20 years ago, and now, with USCAP, he means to take the issue head-on, with a national emissions-trading system along the lines of what's currently being implemented in Europe. USCAP calls for the government to set a cap on greenhouse gas emissions and then to oversee a mammoth market in which companies will buy and sell emission credits. Its dull acronym aside, the plan is actually revolutionary.

With it, Krupp is doing something no other environmentalist would propose, much less attempt to implement: He's essentially trying to set up his own federal-size shadow regulatory agency. Krupp is convinced, as he was in 1990, that a trading program is the only way to get industry to clean up fast. He hopes USCAP will form the basis for an international market, one that will lure China, the sine qua non of any such scheme. E.D. estimates it could exceed $1 trillion. And, if the Bush administration is too retrograde and Congress too dithering to create such a program, he will do it himself. So far, GM, GE, Dupont, British Petroleum, PepsiCo, TXU and dozens of other behemoths have signed on. No other environmentalist could corral that kind of boardroom power. Krupp is betting that, when he shows up in D.C. with a phalanx of CEOs, the politicians will have to act. "With every additional company that joins USCAP, opposition in Congress melts away," he likes to say.

Describing the plan as ambitious is inadequate. Hubristic is more apt. Some experts and lawmakers also warn that the plan, if implemented, could easily turn into a profit-mongering debacle. They cite Europe's $30 billion emissions-trading market, already rife with corruption. Even some of Krupp's die-hard supporters are skeptical. "My problem is, how in China do you monitor if they're controlling their emissions?" says Robert Wilson, E.D.'s largest individual donor. "There's so much of the world that is corrupt."

But the same big-think philosophy that enables Krupp to make deals with corporations and Republicans allows him to hold out hope for China, which, by certain estimates, is on track to surpass the United States as the world's largest polluter within the year. It may not be an idealist's vision of environmentalism, but, as Krupp's track record shows, it can work. And it can change minds. "It's a tempting idea that there are deeply moral issues on which the world is just black and white," he tells me. "But the reality is that there are many shades of gray and in order to move people it makes sense to work with them." Like all of Krupp's deals, USCAP is expertly stage-managed. It is also, for him, a deadly serious affair.

On that unseasonably hot May evening in Washington, as the senators and executives and millionaires file to their tables for dinner in the Hart banquet hall, they find on each place setting a red baseball cap. JUST CAP IT is sewn in large white block letters onto every hat-face.

Krupp finally gets up to speak, that sheepish grin on his face, and, as he does, an E.D. board member leans in and whispers to me. "This organization started around a kitchen table," he says. "And now look at this—you have senators coming to our house. Because they know that this is where the action is." ◆

James Verini is a Los Angeles–based writer.

Ultra low sulfur diesel and advanced engines will mean 90% less emissions
Diesel engines are renowned for their durability and outstanding fuel economy. Oil and natural gas industry engineers now make diesel even better. They are producing an advanced fuel, ultra low sulfur diesel (ULSD), to help new, efficient diesel engines run even cleaner. Today this clean, efficient fuel is available across America. When combined with the advanced diesel engines now available for buses, trucks and cars, ULSD will ultimately cut emissions by 90 percent. Now that's blue-sky thinking.
THE people OF AMERICA'S
OIL AND NATURAL GAS INDUSTRY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second Life

A manifesto for a new environmentalism.

TED NORDHAUS and MICHAEL SHELLENBERGER

Rachel Carson opened *Silent Spring*, her 1962 polemic against chemical pesticides, with a terrible prophecy: "Man has lost the capacity to foresee and to forestall. He will end by destroying the earth." She proceeded to narrate a "Fable for Tomorrow," describing a bucolic American town "where all life seemed to live in harmony with its surroundings." The nearby farms flourished, the foxes barked, and the birds sang in a kind of pastoral Eden. "Then a strange blight crept over the area and everything began to change. Some evil spell had settled on the community." Cattle died. Children died. And the birds stopped singing. It was a silent spring.

The moral of the story was obvious: Apocalypse was imminent unless humankind stopped violating nature. And so it came to pass that the environmental movement's highest priority would be to limit our contamination of the world around us. This "pollution paradigm" worked well enough—for a time. Regulatory legislation of the 1960s and '70s cleaned up our lakes and rivers and greatly reduced smog in our cities. In the 1990s, it dealt with acid rain and phased out ozone-depleting chemicals. Given these successes, it's not surprising that environmental leaders have seen global warming, which is caused by human greenhouse gas emissions, as, essentially, a very big pollution problem.

In the summer of 2006, Carson was resurrected in the form of Al Gore, whose documentary, *An Inconvenient Truth*, began with images of power plants belching pollution and ended with scenes from the apocalypse: hurricanes, floods, and droughts. In case viewers missed the point, Gore observed, "It was almost like a nature hike through the Book of Revelation." And he warned, "It's human nature to take time. But there will also be a day of reckoning." This narrative had dominated environmental thought for so long that few of us who grew up hearing it ever thought much about it. Nor have many of us questioned what appears to be the obvious solution to global warming: limits on pollution, especially carbon emissions.

The problem is that global warming is as different from smog in Los Angeles as nuclear war is from gang violence. The quantitative accumulation of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere has created something qualitatively different from the pollution problems of old: changing temperatures, which may lead to acute droughts, new disease epidemics, and even wars over resources like water. While dealing with smog and acid rain required relatively simple and inexpensive technical fixes—such as catalytic converters on cars and scrubbers on power plants—oil and coal are central to the functioning of the economy, and their replacements remain far more expensive.

Nor should we want to dramatically curtail energy consumption. Increasing energy use is the primary cause of global warming, but it is also a primary cause of rising prosperity, longer life spans, better medical treatment, and greater personal and political freedom. Environmentalists can rail against consumption and counsel sacrifice all they want, but neither poor countries like China nor rich countries like the United States are going to dramatically reduce their emissions if doing so slows economic growth. Given this, the challenge we face as a species is to roughly double global energy production by mid-century while simultaneously cutting greenhouse gas emissions in half worldwide (and about 80 percent in the United States), so that we can avoid the worst consequences of climate change.

How could such a massive undertaking be achieved? Not, as environmental leaders insist, by *limiting* human power but rather by *unleashing* it. In terms of birthing a new energy economy, regulation is important—it's just not the most important thing. The highest objective of anyone concerned about global warming must be to bring down the real price of clean energy below the price of dirty energy as quickly as possible—most importantly, in places like China. And, for that to happen, we'll need a new paradigm centered on technological innovation and economic opportunity, not on nature preservation and ecological limits.

Over the last ten years, a consensus has emerged among energy policy experts—one no less important than the consensus among climate scientists that carbon emissions are warming the earth. What's needed, they say, are disruptive clean-energy technologies that achieve non-incremental breakthroughs in both price and performance. Reflecting the consensus, New York University physicist Martin Hoffert and 16 other leading energy experts concluded a landmark 2002 analysis in the journal *Science* by observing that, "although regulation can play a role, the fossil fuel greenhouse effect is an energy problem that cannot be simply regulated away."

Despite this consensus, environmental lobbyists in Washington today are overwhelmingly focused on addressing global warming through two overlapping strategies. First, they want to establish a cap on greenhouse gases that decreases over time. Second, they want to make clean-energy sources cost-competitive by increasing the cost of dirty energy. While there is great debate about how to best implement these strategies—whether through traditional command-and-control regulatory mechanisms, market-based cap-and-trade approaches, or an outright tax on carbon emissions—there is little question that the solution is pollution regulation.

It is not. The challenge is simply too large. In 2007, human beings will consume roughly 15 terawatts of energy worldwide. That level of energy use will rise rapidly over the next 100 years due to population growth and increasing living standards, especially among the global poor. By the year 2100, humankind will need to produce and consume roughly 60 terawatts of energy if every human on earth is to reach the level of prosperity enjoyed today by the world's wealthiest one billion people. Even if economies were to become much more efficient, the total terawatts needed to bring all of humankind out of poverty would still need

---

Ted Nordhaus and Michael Shellenberger are managing directors of American Environics. Their book, Break Through: From the Death of Environmentalism to the Politics of Possibility, from which this article is adapted, will be published on October 4 by Houghton Mifflin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To maintain our quality of life, we should provide reliable and affordable electricity for **future generations** while **protecting the air** we breathe.

Nuclear Energy

Today's Solution to Help Meet Our Future Energy Needs

Nuclear energy helps keep our air clean by producing 20% of our electricity without emitting any greenhouse gases. But in two to six years, fast-growing electricity **demand** in some regions of the U.S. will **challenge** our electric **supply** reliability.

We need to expand **diverse supplies** of electricity production along with energy efficiency and conservation. Nuclear energy is a **solution** we have today to help meet our future electricity demands.

Nuclear. Clean air energy.

Find out more by visiting **nei.org**.

NEI

NUCLEAR ENERGY INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to roughly double by 2050 and triple by century's end.

Consider China. Today, the country is rumbling with rising prosperity, rising expectations, rising demands for freedom—all fueled by cheap, dirty coal energy. This year or next, China will surpass the United States as the world's largest producer of greenhouse gas emissions. And yet, the average Chinese still consumes less than 20 percent of the energy consumed by the average American, meaning that the Chinese contribution to global warming is going to grow tremendously. After all, neither the Chinese people nor the Chinese government will accept any solution that does not allow energy consumption comparable to our own.

The only way to double global energy consumption while cutting global warming emissions in half is by developing new sources of clean energy. Thus, the problem with the proposals currently being discussed in Congress: They will, for the foreseeable future, direct private investment toward the least expensive emissions reductions (such as burning methane from landfills, purchasing forest land for carbon sequestration, or retrofitting power plants and buildings so they operate more efficiently) rather than toward breakthrough technologies (like low-cost solar energy and carbon capture and storage), which are too expensive to become widely adopted today but which are vital for creating a new energy economy and thus drastically reducing emissions. Cap-and-trade schemes, for example, would achieve some inexpensive reductions but wouldn't drive investment into long-term R&D because those investments would not immediately reduce emissions. Nor can private firms invest in the public infrastructure, such as new transmission lines, both because they are public and also because they are so capital intensive.

Even if such regulations were to provide the right economic incentives, they provide the wrong political ones. The regulation-centered approach to global warming fails because it depends on doing something highly unpopular: raising the price of energy. Fears of political backlash will prevent lawmakers from raising the price of carbon (and thus the price of electricity and gasoline) high enough for clean energy to become cost-competitive. It is for this reason that virtually every congressional proposal to regulate carbon emissions gives industry an "out" if compliance with the law becomes too expensive. The regulation-centered approach is thus doomed to fail in one way or another: Price carbon too high and risk economic consequences and political backlash; price it too low, and dirty-energy sources will not cost enough to make clean energy cost-competitive.

The concern over higher energy prices has plagued European efforts to comply with the Kyoto treaty on global warming. EU nations issued too many emissions credits. Thus, neither the regulations themselves nor the resulting low market price for carbon has lowered emissions or raised much money for clean-energy technologies. Little surprise then that, late last year, the United Nations quietly announced that, since 2000, the emissions of the 41 wealthy, industrialized members of Kyoto had gone up, not down, by more than 4 percent.

While pushing for a bold clean-energy agenda might seem like an obvious job for the environmental lobby, the truth is that environmental groups have never prioritized those investments because they have been focused on limiting pollution. The absence of an effective lobby for clean energy explains, in part, why public investment in energy research and development in the United States dropped from an already modest $8 billion in 1980 to $3 billion in 2005. Given this, it's understandable that energy is the least innovative sector of the economy. Coal has been in widespread use for 150 years, and oil for 80. Our houses, cars, medicines, manufacturing, communications, and consumer technologies have all improved dramatically over the last century, but our energy sources have not. Today, clean-energy sources, such as biomass, wind, geothermal, and solar, represent just 2 percent of the world's electricity.

The kind of technological revolution called for by energy experts typically does not occur via regulatory fiat. We did not invent the Internet by taxing telegraphs nor the personal computer by limiting typewriters. Nor did the transition to the petroleum economy occur because we taxed, regulated, or ran out of whale oil. Those revolutions happened because we invented alternatives that were vastly superior to what they replaced and, in remarkably short order, became a good deal cheaper.

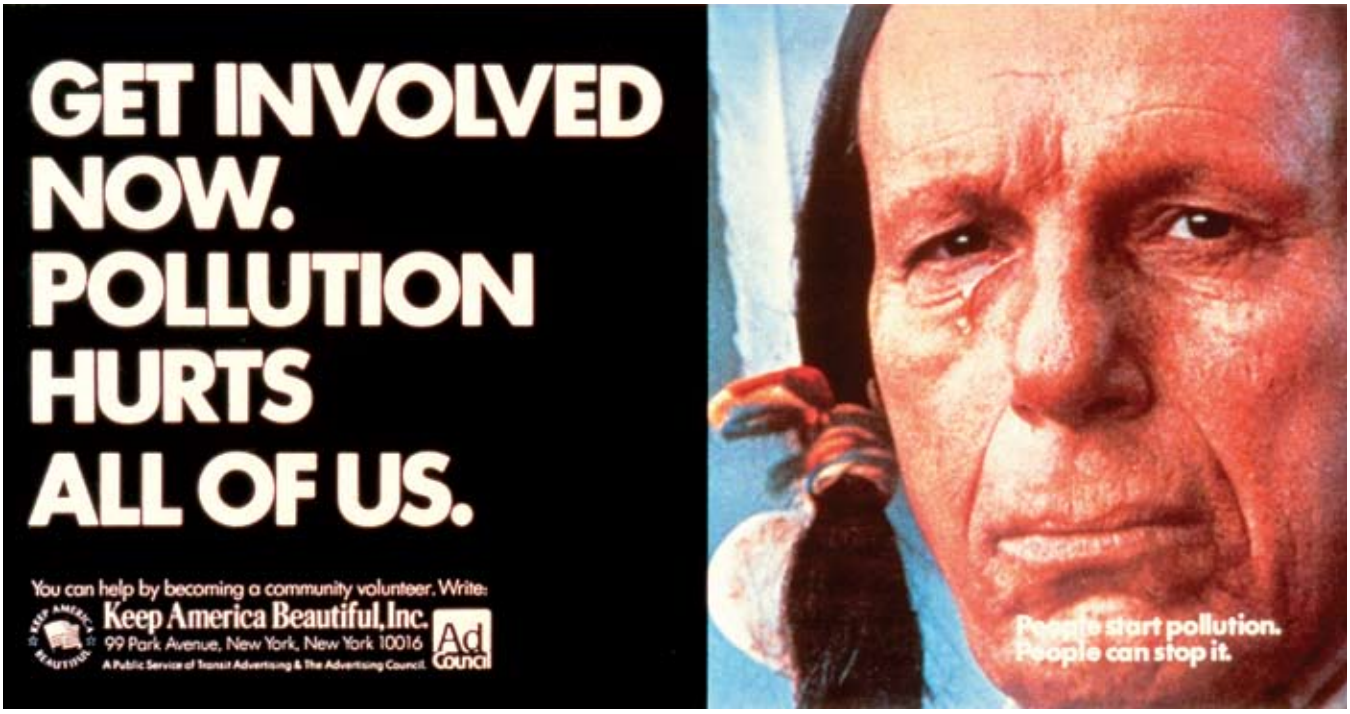
And, contrary to conventional wisdom, private firms rarely initiate technological revolutions. Indeed, government has always been at the center of technological innovation, and most of America's largest industries have benefited from strategic government investments in their development. Farm land was granted to early American frontier farmers, and agriculture has been publicly subsidized since the early twentieth century. Before the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln was best known for his aggressive advocacy of publicly funded transit infrastructure: canals, roads, and railroads. During the cold war, government investment was essential to the aerospace industry's development.

Big, long-term investments in new technologies are made only by governments and are almost always motivated by concerns about national security or economic competitiveness, from the threat of the Soviet Union in the 1950s to OPEC in the '70s. The Internet (originally Arpanet) was created by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, which was itself established in response to the Soviet Union's launching of the first Sputnik satellite in 1957. The invention of today's giant wind turbines was stimulated by incentives in the United States and Denmark in the '70s and '80s. The first solar photovoltaic cells were created for the space program in the '50s. And today's highly mature energy markets are the result of decades of subsidies for coal mining and oil drilling.

Our priority, then, should be a five- or ten-fold increase in investment in clean energy—broadly defined to include R&D, deployment, procurement, education, and infrastructure—from less than $3 billion per year to $15 to $30 billion. Indeed, what matters most about the global-warming legislation being considered in Congress is how much money it will raise to invest in clean energy. Auctioning emissions permits to polluting firms could generate $15 billion or more per year. A tax on carbon could generate a similar amount. A $300 billion investment over ten years would, according to one study, generate an additional $200 billion in private capital.

Some of this money ought to be used to create a new military-industrial-academic complex around clean-energy sciences, similar to the one we created around computer science in the 1950s and '60s. The transformation of Silicon Valley from a sleepy collection of apple orchards and small towns to the information technology powerhouse that it is today was the result of massive investments by the federal government into a set of interlinked military, industrial, and academic institutions in the region—a fact that is largely ignored by many high-tech executives, who prefer to imagine that it all started in Bill Hewlett's garage. Concretely, this means creating undergraduate and graduate programs in new energy sciences; postgraduate fellowships for scientists, engineers, and technicians; and training for the electricians, construction workers, efficiency experts, and installers needed to make the clean-energy revolution real.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


GET INVOLVED NOW. POLLUTION HURTS ALL OF US.
You can help by becoming a community volunteer. Write:
Keep America Beautiful, Inc.
99 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016
A Public Service of Transit Advertising & The Advertising Council
Ad Council
People start pollution.
People can stop it.

Public service ad, 1971

COURTESY KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL, INC.

And some of it ought to be used to buy down the price of clean-energy technologies like the Defense Department did with microchips. Today, microchips are cheap and seem to be inside of everything: our cell phones, our watches, and our cars. But it wasn't always this way. Microchips used to be big, slow, and expensive. Then, in the 1960s, the Pentagon made the strategic decision to effectively guarantee the market for microchips, allowing firms such as Intel to grow and eventually stand on their own. Some energy experts have calculated that an investment of roughly $200 billion would bring the price of solar energy down to that of coal. Investments could also be made in carbon capture and storage, geothermal energy, and wind power, as well as toward the energy infrastructure needed so that clean-energy sources can compete on a level playing field. The goal would not be to subsidize clean energy in perpetuity but rather to make the kinds of investments that ultimately bring the real price of clean energy down to the price of dirty-energy sources like coal in places like China.

Doing all this will require a more optimistic narrative from the environmental community. Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth*, like *Silent Spring*, was considered powerful because it marshaled the facts into an effective (read: apocalyptic) story. But, ironically, for more than seven years, research that environmentalists have privately conducted on attitudes toward global warming has found the opposite: Cautionary tales and narratives of eco-apocalypse tend to provoke fatalism, conservatism, and survivalism among voters—not the rational embrace of environmental policies. This research is consistent with extensive social-science research that strongly correlates fear, rising insecurity, and pessimism about the future with resistance to change.

In promoting the inconvenient truth that humans must limit their consumption and sacrifice their way of life to prevent the world from ending, environmentalists are not only promoting a solution that won't work, they've discouraged Americans from seeing the big solutions at all. For Americans to be future-oriented, generous, and expansive in their thinking, they must feel secure, wealthy, and strong.

How might history have been different had environmentalists and their political allies 20 years ago proposed that the nations of the world make a massive, shared investment in clean energy, better and more efficient housing development, and more comfortable and efficient transportation systems? The tables would have been turned. Global-warming skeptics would have had to take a position against the growth of new markets and industries. Proponents of this investment agenda could have tarred their opponents as being anti-business, anti-growth, anti-investment, anti-jobs, and stuck in the past.

Thankfully, it's not too late. Today, there is quickly emerging a new political lobby and movement for clean-energy investment that is unburdened by the pollution paradigm. Increasingly, energy companies and investors are realizing that they cannot rely on the environmental lobby and must take political matters into their own hands. And, with young and grassroots environmentalists more inspired by the vision of creating a new energy economy than regulating the old one, there's new hope that we will soon see the emergence of a more expansive, relevant, and powerful ecological movement, one grounded in possibilities, not limits.

To be sure, the effort to reduce and stabilize global greenhouse gas emissions will require a major regulatory effort to make sure that everyone is playing by the same rules, provide a stable investment environment for nations and businesses, and increase the cost of fossil fuels relative to cleaner energy sources. But the conventional wisdom today about global warming is backwards. Environmentalism is not the solution to the crisis of global warming. Instead, global warming is driving environmentalism to evolve into something else. Reflecting on the birth of a politics capable of dealing with global warming, Bill McKibben, the author of the seminal 1989 book *The End of Nature*, wrote, "If it has success, it won't be environmentalism anymore. It will be something much more important." ◆

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cable

Competition works

CABLE COMPETES.

Investing $100 billion to build a vast
fiber-optic network. Employing hundreds
of thousands of Americans.
Advancing cutting-edge technologies
that amaze the world.

YOU WIN.

With blazing fast Internet, digital phone and
interactive hi-def TV. Cable works.

cable

INTERNET PHONE TV

Copyright 2007 NCTA

NATIONAL CABLE & TELECOMMUNICATIONS ASSOCIATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

TRYING TO LIVE

The first surprise about *Forever* is that it attracts. This is a documentary about a cemetery, and the very idea draws us. True, this is the most renowned cemetery in the world—Père-Lachaise in Paris—but still it seems amusingly perverse that we want to see it, to find out what the film will do with a lot of graves and monuments. Obviously part of the draw is that many of the deceased in this place were famous. (Père-Lachaise began grandly enough: it was founded in 1804 by Napoleon.) Still, even with that glamour, it is a further surprise that the Dutch documentarian Heddy Honigmann quickly transforms a cemetery into a pleasant limbo, located somewhere between death and life.

Although we see many of the monuments, she concentrates on visitors. Helped by a camera that makes the most of marble and of flowers, helped by editing that glances along with the interest of our eyes from stone to person to statue, Honigmann is tactful, curious, understandably insistent. Surprises continue. The visitors she interviews range from relatively predictable to astonishing. All right, a woman tends the grave of her husband who died years ago after a very brief marriage, and someone writes "*Vissi d'amore*" on Maria Callas's tombstone. (And we get a clip of Callas singing. Quite often the film provides a bit of the dead person's past or the visitor's present.) Somewhat more amazingly, two blind male friends who are cinephiles visit the grave of Simone Signoret—and we glimpse them at a screening of *Les Diaboliques*, the dialogue of which they know by heart. A Persian taxi driver comes to sing Persian songs at the grave of the Persian writer Sadegh Hedayat. A woman tends the grave of Apollinaire, apparently because she is as moved by the story of his love and lover as she is by his poetry.

The surprises continue (though the interviews are not arranged in a mechanical crescendo). A group of French people come a considerable distance to visit the grave of Proust, though several of them have never read him. Proust figures again in the life of an illustrator. This man was so affected by the work and the grave that he created a comic-book version of *Remembrance of Things Past*—what might now be called a graphic novel—which was a success. The weirdest interviewee, made even weirder because he is obviously intelligent, is a man we first meet at the grave of Modigliani. He is an artist, he says, who has been inspired by Modigliani's portraits. And what is his work? He is an embalmer. We see him applying cosmetics to the face of a dead woman—the influence of Modigliani is not quite clear—after which he interlaces her fingers over her chest.

Among all the above and a number of others, the most touching subject is a young Japanese woman whom we meet at the grave of Chopin. She is a pianist, devoted to Chopin's music especially, because her father loved it. He died, she says, of overwork, and her implication is that he made her piano studies possible—in Paris with Chopin's grave (so to speak) available. When she plays Chopin, she thinks of her father. The film closes with her debut in a recital hall, playing a nocturne.

ANTHONY RUSSO

The pianist's story is a fair index of what Honigmann is exploring in her film. A cemetery, she is saying, is much more complex than we might have thought—especially, though certainly not exclusively, in kinship with artists. (Hundreds of other sorts of distinguished people lie here.) Père-Lachaise keeps the dead with us—indeed, almost by reminding us that they are dead. It was not possible to be with Chopin as a person while he was alive. It seems easier now.

FOREVER
First Run/Icarus

GREAT WORLD OF SOUND
Magnolia

THE BUBBLE
Strand

The history of the human race is grossly double. On the surface are the achievements; below are the scams. Beneath every method of doing something worthwhile, there has been devised an attendant scam—in politics, science, industry, whatever. *Great World of Sound* details one such scam: not a major instance, but a greasily typical one.

Pat Healy plays a former radio engineer who gets a job with a North Carolina company that purports to record pop music, to find new musicians and make them successful. (Healy doesn't see the picture's opening shot: someone sprays gold paint on an ordinary vinyl record, and the seeming golden smash will then be used as proof of the firm's prowess.) The company's record label is Great World of Sound. Healy takes the job because he needs it and is almost eager to be persuaded, even though, we feel, he may scent something peculiar in the air.

He and another salesman, played by Kene Holliday, go on the road together from Biloxi to Birmingham, stopping at hotels along the way. The record company has put ads in the local papers ahead of time, so wherever the two men stop, they are besieged with musicians who want to audition. These hopefuls are pop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and country musicians of all kinds—a lot of guitar—and the audition sequences, which might have dragged, are slickly edited. The company's hook: if the musician or group has any possibility at all, Healy and Holliday announce that the test recording will cost $10,000, of which the company is willing to put up 70 percent. The musicians have to advance only 30 percent.

It works pretty often. Some recordings are apparently made, though of course very little happens with them. The ending of the film is inevitable but, in a way, welcome. As we move toward that ending, we nod wryly at the smoothness of the inevitable scamming in this business, too.

But on the consoling side, we meet a director named Craig Zobel. This is Zobel's first film, and it might have been his tenth. He is sure-handed and brisk. Robert Longstreet and John Baker are disarmingly fluent as the two executives of the phony company. Healy seems too much on the reticent side to be a successful con man, but Holliday, who is an evangelist minister as well as an actor, fills the screen to the brim with his bounteous energy.

I DOUBT THAT this is on the Israeli government's agenda, but an occasional film from Israel almost seems intended to adjust the world's view of that country. In the news it is a country at war—well, certainly not at peace—and this fact gives it in the news reports a bloc-like, undifferentiated air, as all warring countries have when seen from elsewhere. But occasionally an Israeli film comes along that, though presumably not made for that purpose, breaks the bloc into recognizable individuals, and unites that country with our country in intimate modes of personal stress. Of course this individuation can be true of films from any country; but this latest instance, *The Bubble*, is from Tel Aviv.

The first sequence takes place at a checkpoint on a road where Israeli soldiers inspect Palestinians for possible suicide bombs. This episode sets the mood precisely for the quite different story that follows. One of the soldiers is a young reservist named Noam, who is, most of the time, a music-store clerk. The bulk of the film deals with Noam and his friends, male and female, who could be having the same sorts of fun and affairs and spats and reunions in Tribeca—almost. For these young Israelis, the possibility of bombings, of mortal struggle, is always being momentarily ignored. They live, as one of them says, in a bubble, which they try to preserve.

The screenplay by Gal Uchovsky and Eytan Fox rests on a familiar conflict revised to a contemporary pitch. Noam is in love with a Palestinian who loves him; and not just to skip the Romeo-and-Juliet cliché but out of a kind of verity, the Palestinian is Ashraf, a young man. For Noam's friends, the young ones anyway, this affair is run-of-the-mill; but it is anathema, and not just because Noam is a Jew, to Ashraf's thoroughly Muslim family in Nablus.

Much of the film, its love and other affairs, will seem familiar, but that is presumably one of the points of the film—for audiences here and, I should think, in Israel, too. All this *Village Voice* hoopla occurs right up there on invisible front lines. It takes a certain kind of courage, or at least a dedication to the bubble, to live the way these young people do, with their CDs and smart talk and screwing of various kinds when they know that they will be shocked but not surprised if at any moment, day or night, they hear a bomb. And Ashraf's complications with his family, religious and sexual, give the hip episodes an additional sobering color.

Fox, the co-writer of the screenplay, is an experienced, knowing director. We sense his surety throughout. Ohad Knoller is good enough as Noam; Yousef Sweid is several shades deeper as the more conflicted Ashraf. Alon Friedmann, as a "queen" who is Noam's friend, provides the fluttery decor that makes the film's underlying gravity all the more affecting. ◆

Andrew Butterfield
THE 'LAUGHING BOY' AND THE INVENTION OF SCULPTURE

I.

SOMETIMES a whole art, a whole era, a whole world, may be found in a room. Now on view at the National Gallery of Art is a small but exquisite show that includes some of the most astounding accomplishments in the history of Western sculpture. Its subject is Desiderio da Settignano, not a household name but one of the colossal talents of the early Renaissance. Working in Florence in the middle of the fifteenth century, Desiderio was the most gifted carver of marble since classical antiquity, and he used his gift to help transform the visual arts. He depicted a range of human thought and feeling that had almost never been represented before. He made marble reliefs whose illusion of spatial depth was of unprecedented clarity. He designed architectural ornament of an elegance unmatched since the zenith of classical decoration during the Roman Empire. And the technical and procedural innovations for making sculpture that Desiderio and his colleagues developed became fundamental for all subsequent artists in Europe down to the modern era.

These are all large claims, and all true. And Desiderio's accomplishment is all the more astonishing because he died young, in 1464, when he was only about thirty-five years old: his career lasted little more than ten years. He was born around 1429 in Settignano, a small village in the hills outside Florence. His father and his brothers were stonemasons, and Desiderio must have learned from them the rudiments of his trade. Yet his background should not be seen as a special advantage. Cutting and dressing stone was a dirty job, requiring a great deal of physical labor; it had more in common with the work of a butcher or a tanner than with the work of a humanist or a poet. In the Renaissance, stonemasons tended to be poor and uneducated, even in comparison with other artisans, and few ever rose to a higher level of artistic success or social acceptance. There is no reason to think that Desiderio's family was an exception to the harsh rule.

DESIDERIO DA SETTIGNANO: SCULPTOR OF RENAISSANCE FLORENCE
National Gallery of Art

Desiderio must have displayed extraordinary genius early, almost certainly while he was still an adolescent. Historians believe that, once his talent emerged, he was apprenticed to the Gamberelli workshop, headed by Bernardo Rossellino. The Gamberelli were also from Settignano, and active as sculptors and masons in

Andrew Butterfield is president of Andrew Butterfield Fine Arts and the author of The Sculptures of Andrea del Verrocchio *(Yale University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stone; but unlike Desiderio's family, they were figures of considerable culture and achievement. Bernardo Rossellino not only collaborated with the architect and theorist Leon Battista Alberti; he also advised Pope Nicholas V on the rebuilding of Rome, and he designed Pienza, the first ideal Renaissance city, for Pope Pius II. It was most likely under the tutelage of Bernardo Rossellino that Desiderio initially blossomed. Th is hypothesis seems all the more plausible since some of Desiderio's work resembles that of Antonio Rossellino, Bernardo's younger brother.

Desiderio enrolled in the sculptors' and masons' guild in 1453, and by 1455 he and his brothers had established their own workshop in Florence. He was an instant and spectacular success. Almost at once he received the commission for the most prestigious sculptural project in the city—the tomb of Carlo Marsuppini, the chancellor of Florence. Constructed in the left aisle of Santa Croce, the great Franciscan basilica near the center of town, it is familiar to every visitor to the city. Although it was an offi cial commission sponsored by the government, the tomb seems to have been paid for by the Medici and the Martelli, another prominent family with close ties to the Medici. Rising more than two stories high, the marble tomb represents the chancellor stretched out on his bier, which is placed on top of his coffi n, set beneath a classical arch on large fluted piers. Putti with shields guard the foot of the tomb, and angels and the Madonna and Child inhabit the upper story of the tomb under the arch.

The most extraordinary element of the monument is the coffin. A massive structure, it seems to rest, as if by magic, on just two lion's feet and a winged conch shell. Miraculous, too, are the thick leaves of acanthus that jut upward from the lions' feet, spinning and unfurling across the surface of the coffin. Acanthus was a symbol of eternal life, and the plants on the tomb seem to throb and move as if pushed up and outward by a divine force. Writing in the sixteenth century, Vasari celebrated Desiderio's ability to do the impossible and convincingly represent soft materials, such as leaves, feathers and hair, in the hard medium of stone. The acanthus on the Marsuppini tomb is the first great example in his career of this uncanny skill. In its elegance and its perfection, the acanthus recalls the sublime decorative carvings made for the Forum of Trajan, some fragments of which Desiderio may have seen in Rome.

At about the time he was finishing the tomb, Desiderio began other projects for the Medici, including the large Altar of the Sacrament for the family chapel in San Lorenzo, and the marble and bronze base for Donatello's bronze *David*, at the center of the Medici palace. Desiderio's association with Donatello appears to have been very close. Under the older artist's supervision, he even finished several of Donatello's marble sculptures, including a life-size statue of Saint John the Baptist for the Martelli family. Desiderio also embraced Donatello's experimentation with *rilievo schiacciato*, a virtuosic type of marble carving in extremely low or "flattened" relief. Donatello had invented this method around 1415 in works such as the celebrated relief *Saint George and the Dragon*, and Desiderio was the most important exponent of the technique in the middle of the century. In his short career Desiderio continually experimented with *rilievo schiacciato*, trying out many different variations of the method.

Desiderio da Settignano, *Madonna and Child (The Foulc Madonna)*, circa 1460

Of the ten or so low reliefs in the Washington exhibition, no two are carved in exactly the same way. Perhaps the most astonishing is the *Saint Jerome in the Desert*, made around 1460–1464. The surface of this stone picture is so soft and gentle that the figures and rocks of the sculpture look as if they were cloaked in a thin veil of mist. Seeing this work, more than one viewer has been put in mind of Leonardo and the *sfumato* of his pictures; and yet the forms of Desiderio's sculpture are even more delicate and ethereal than anything found in Leonardo's paintings. Documents of the period suggest that this sculpture probably once belonged to the Medici, and was kept in their treasure room; it was certainly created for close study by a learned patron.

Another relief of the highest quality, a masterwork, is Desiderio's image of the Madonna and Child, from the Philadelphia Museum of Art, known as *Th e Foulc Madonna*Although made at about the same time as the Saint Jerome, it is subtly different in technique; its forms are clearer, its space more distinct. Th e sculpture depicts the Madonna and Child appearing in heaven above a low bank of clouds. She holds the baby slightly forward of her body, as if presenting him to a crowd below, and both figures glance downward and to their left. Th ey appear about to smile, as if just now, before our very eyes, they were first receiving the adoration of humanity, and were returning that love with the infinite charity of divine grace. As beautiful as this work is when one encounters it in its Philadelphia home, it has never appeared more radiant or more visionary than it does at the National Gallery; this is especially the case in the morning, when sunlight falls across the work, making it glow with a splendid illumination.

As with the acanthus on the Marsuppini tomb, Desiderio has here miraculously made stone look like the supplest material. The folds of the Madonna's dress cling to her body, revealing the delicate impressions of her right nipple and breasts, and the veil about her head and neck looks light and diaphanous. Th e bands of the Child's swaddling seem similarly made of some fine and tender substance that stretches, folds, and ripples as it wraps around his legs and torso. No one before Desiderio had ever carved marble with such subtlety and such precision.

The look of love and joy on the faces of the mother and baby appears natural, but there was nothing common about representing

COURTESY NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary and Jesus—or any other person—in this way during the fifteenth century. It is generally said that the early Renaissance was the first period when artists began to represent the "motions of the mind," to cite the famous phrase used by both Alberti and Leonardo. While there are indeed some examples of the careful depiction of thought and feeling from the time, such representations were highly exceptional. To be sure, artists routinely sought to make their figures appear alive, but rarely did they seek to suggest anything specific about the interior life of those figures. In early Renaissance art, the figures have souls, but they do not have psyches. And they tend not to display strong emotion, happy or sad, except in the case of scenes from the Passion of Christ and mourners at the burial of saints.

The reasons for the emotional restraint of the art were many. Most sculptures and paintings were made for public settings and for religious or political purposes. Typically, the protagonists depicted in these works are either intermediaries with heaven or models of exemplary and heroic behavior. In either case, the detailed representation of the emotional or mental experience of the protagonists was largely irrelevant. This was true even in the case of religious art, where the viewers often felt a profound affective relationship with the figures represented. (Rooted in the needs of the viewers, these relationships focused on the figures' capacity for compassion and power: you begged for mercy from, or gave thanks to, images of Jesus and the saints, because although they were formerly mortals who suffered as you do and therefore could understand your weakness, they could now intercede with superhuman strength to remove the pain and the danger you face.) Moreover, the secular art of the period generally illustrated legendary or mythic individuals, such as Hercules or Julius Caesar, who were remembered chiefly for their personification of virtues, not for their individual thoughts or feelings. Public portraiture, too, was conceived as a reward for, and a stimulus of, deeds of fortitude, prudence, or justice.

Rather than stressing the emotional life of man, much of Renaissance art did quite the reverse: it celebrated those persons who, in service to an ideal, were able to overcome the normal human passions of earthly existence. And these representational conventions of the period make all the more remarkable Desiderio's interest in the depiction of emotion. His success in this regard is nowhere more evident than in the life-size bust of the *Laughing Boy*, from the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna—an extraordinarily charismatic object, and one of the triumphs of Western naturalism. Unlike most other fifteenth-century busts of small boys, this one clearly is not a representation of Jesus or Saint John the Baptist as a child, and the back of the head has never been drilled to affix a halo, as is the case with most of the other busts in the room. The statue may be a portrait of a toddler—a little Medici or Martelli, perhaps—and it is certainly a study in character and expression. The boy's mouth is open in a wide smile—his tongue and teeth can be seen—and his cheeks are raised high as the grin spreads across his face; even his eyes seem to be twinkling with delight. It is an image of absolute merriment.

Desiderio da Settignano, *Laughing Boy*, circa 1460-1464

COURTESY NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

What is remarkable here is not only Desiderio's decision to depict commonplace joy, but also the precision of the observations that he made to create its image. He reminds me of another great authority on the appearances of feeling. In *The Expressions of the Emotions in Man and Animals*, Charles Darwin gives this account of some of the chief features of the physiognomy of laughter:

> As in laughing and broadly smiling the cheeks and upper lip are much raised, the nose appears to be shortened.... The upper front teeth are commonly exposed. A well-marked naso-labial fold is formed, which runs from the wing of each nostril to the corners of the mouth.... A bright and sparkling eye is as characteristic of a pleased or amused state of mind, as in the retraction of the corners of the mouth and upper lip with the wrinkles thus produced.... Under extreme laughter the eyes are too much suffused with tears to sparkle; but the moisture squeezed out of the glands during moderate laughter or smiling may aid in giving them luster.... Their brightness seems to be chiefly due to their tenseness, owing to the contraction of the orbicular muscles and to the pressure of the raised cheeks.

Every item in Darwin's list of observed characteristics may be found in Desiderio's unforgettable sculpture.

II.

The *Laughing Boy* and the other masterpieces of Desiderio's career are the result of a revolution not only in the observation of nature but also in the making of sculpture. At the time of Desiderio's birth, it was considered all but impossible to carve effects of such subtlety as the raised eyebrow of a laughing child or the rippling surface of a trembling acanthus leaf. Almost no artist was willing to experiment in order to create such fine detail, because marble was an expensive, obdurate, and unforgiving material. Sculpture in stone is a reductive and glyptic medium that involves the permanent carving away of matter; and once the matter is removed, it cannot be put back. This makes it nearly impossible to correct mistakes or to redo passages. And the price of a mistake could be terrible, since a spoiled block had to be cut down further or even abandoned altogether. This was especially costly with marble, a highly valued material that had to be imported from Carrara, many miles away. As a result of all these factors, sculptors tended to stick with established conventions that guaranteed success and minimized risk. From the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the fifteenth century, there was little stylistic, conceptual, or technical change in carving marble.

How deeply conservative the medium was can be seen in the reliefs on the pulpit of Santa Maria Novella carved by Buggiano around 1450. Desiderio's first recorded act as a professional artist was to serve on a committee judging the value of this work. Although Buggiano was the adopted son of the master Filippo Brunelleschi, the reliefs are virtually indistinguishable in conception and execution from Florentine sculpture of a hundred years before. Buggiano's pulpit reliefs are almost rudimentary. They have few figures or other elements; they have little detail; there is no attempt to give a convincing illusion of space. Indeed, their simplicity is so marked that it is conceivable that the artist carved each relief directly from a preliminary drawing sketched on the surface of the marble block, as had been standard practice for making sculpture in the fourteenth century.

That is emphatically no longer the case with Desiderio. It is manifestly impossible to achieve the sophisticated spatial effects of the *Foulc Madonna* through the direct, spontaneous carving of the block. And since these effects involve foreshortened forms, which are rendered in low relief and are interrelated across the entire array of the sculpture, not even the most highly detailed preparatory drawing would suffice as a guide: too many of the calculations are three-dimensional. Looking at Desiderio's carving, one is led to an inescapable conclusion: the only way to make certain that a piece such as the *Foulc Madonna* would come out right in the finished marble was first to make a complete version of it in an inexpensive and easily worked material, either clay or wax.

The supple details of the *Foulc Madonna* and the *Laughing Boy* give further evidence that Desiderio originally planned these works in a soft and malleable material that he could readily work by hand. The blurred outlines and smooth transitions of the hair, the quivering shapes of the eyebrows, the exquisite details of the hands and the faces, the nearly liquid passages of drapery: these are all effects somewhat easy to obtain in wax and clay, and nearly impossible to achieve (or even to conceive) in marble. That is to say, the verisimilitude and the detail of Desiderio's sculptures are the result not only of extraordinary control in the drilling, carving, finishing, and polishing of marble. They are owed also to a new way of planning a marble sculpture, in which the preparatory model of clay or wax came to have fundamental importance for the entire artistic process.

The creation of such a preliminary model amounted to a technical and stylistic revolution. The manufacture of models liberated Desiderio and other artists to engage in a wholly new enterprise. Whereas before sculpture had been a highly conservative endeavor, hobbled by fear and bound by convention, starting in the fifteenth century it became a boldly experimental venture. Using the low-cost, easily worked, and infinitely reusable materials of clay and wax, artists were able through trial and error to teach themselves new, more accurate, and more detailed ways of describing the world, and to do so with far greater freedom than had been possible before. Once such results had been realized in the model, it was easier to achieve them in the marble. Making models thus became integral to the new naturalism, and to the new artistic liberty of sculpture. And these new methods of making sculpture continued to be used until the twentieth century.

The development of the use of models in sculpture is exactly analogous with the contemporary development in the use of drawings in the preparation of paintings. In the fourteenth century, drawing

The Association of Literary Scholars and Critics

Thirteenth Annual Conference

Chicago • The Hotel Allegro • October 12-14, 2007

- Sessions on Shakespeare, Teaching the Great Books, Joseph Conrad, Poetry and Politics in the 1930s, and much more...
- Appearances by **Eleanor Cook, Clare Cavanagh, Morris Dickstein, Stuart Dybek, Michael Gorra, Stephen Orgel, A.E. Stallings, Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Wood**, and many others...
- Readings by **Reginald Gibbons, Mary Kinzie**, and **Adam Zagajewski**
- Roundtable on the Relations between Creative Writing Programs and English Departments with: **John Barr, David Fenza, Linda Gregerson**, and **Rosanna Warren**

ALSC

KEYNOTE SPEAKER:
James Wood
(Harvard, *The New Yorker*)

Conference and membership details: **www.bu.edu/literary**
Inquiries: 617-358-1990 / **alsc@bu.edu**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been a common part of a painter's training and practice. Yet most painters relied heavily on routine formulas, perpetuated through stencils and pattern books, when making their pictures. This was generally true until around 1420 or 1430, when drawing became a more central activity in making art. Thereafter, artists used drawing as a means for training their eyes and hands; it became a crucial tool in the investigation of observable reality. Drawings also acquired a much more important place in the preparation of a painting. In planning an altarpiece, an artist such as Leonardo would not only generate multiple compositional studies, he would also draw sheets of each figure and make individual studies of key parts, such as hands, heads, and drapery. In the same way, when planning a sculpture, Andrea del Verrocchio, who was Leonardo's teacher, would sketch compositional models in clay and then make detailed three-dimensional studies for each figure and every component.

Since no models survive from the first half of the fifteenth century, we cannot reconstruct exactly how the change in making sculpture came about. But the finished statues themselves contain a lot of clues—enough so that we can, I believe, determine some of the major stages of development. The first unambiguous evidence of the sophisticated use of sculpture models is in Lorenzo Ghiberti's bronze relief *Abraham and Isaac*, made in 1401–1402 in competition with Brunelleschi and others for the commission of bronze doors for the Baptistery in Florence. The standard interpretation of this relief, repeated in undergraduate art history lectures around the world, is that Ghiberti was a Gothic and conservative artist, and that his relief is less innovative and forward-looking than Brunelleschi's competition panel of the same theme. Nothing could be further than truth.

New photographs have made it possible to study the sculptures in greater detail than ever before. (This will be abundantly clear this fall, when the exhibition "The Gates of Paradise: Lorenzo Ghiberti's Renaissance Masterpiece" arrives at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The new photographs of the two reliefs were made earlier this year by Antonio Quattrone, and are available for viewing on the ARTstor website. I must disclose that I am the author of an essay in the Ghiberti catalog and helped to direct the campaign of new photography of Ghiberti's *Gates of Paradise* that Quattrone made for ARTstor.) In these photographs, it is possible to see that Ghiberti modeled the figure of Isaac almost fully in the round; he is attached to the relief only along a narrow portion of his back and buttocks. All the way around the figure, moreover, Ghiberti maintained the same extraordinarily high level of anatomical observation and description. Whether one views Isaac from the front, side, top or bottom, one sees a figure whose musculature is highly detailed and whose surfaces curve like those of a real human body. There is only one way to do this with such accuracy: draw and make models from a living nude figure posed in the studio. No one had done this, at least not since Nicola Pisano in the thirteenth century, and maybe not since the end of classical antiquity.

How exceptional Ghiberti was in this regard can be seen by comparing this figure of Isaac with the corresponding figure in Brunelleschi's competition panel of the same scene. Brunelleschi's Isaac is an extremely expressive figure, but his anatomy is minimally realistic, and the body is as flat as a pancake: it cannot be viewed successfully from the sides, as Ghiberti's Isaac can be. Ghiberti won the competition for the bronze doors of the Baptistery, and between 1403 and 1424 he designed, modeled, cast, and chased the twenty-eight reliefs of the doors. Among the first works of the new Renaissance style, these panels mark a major break with the art of the previous century.

In terms of expressive power, naturalistic detail, and convincing perspective, Ghiberti's panels were far more complex and ambitious than anything seen before. The planning of twenty-eight reliefs of such far-reaching scope required a great deal of preparatory study, some of it as drawings, but all of it ultimately in the form of the wax models from which bronze sculptures were actually cast. This was the most sustained exercise in the preparation of models ever undertaken up to that point. Moreover, it required the efforts of a large team of artists, including many of the brightest rising stars in Florence, so that many younger painters and sculptors acquired experience with Ghiberti's methods of study and preparation.

One artist who worked for Ghiberti on the doors was Donatello. Whether this was a formative experience for the sculptor, we cannot be sure. But we can be certain that Donatello's later marble sculptures show the influence of his experience with modeling in the malleable materials of wax and clay. This can be seen, for instance, in his *Cantoria*, begun in 1433: the choir loft of the Duomo, now on view in the Museo dell'Opera del Duomo. Much of the considerable power of this work comes from the complex and overlapping strips of agitated drapery that cling to the bodies of putti like sheets of damp dough. Surely Donatello worked out these effects in an almost viscous medium, such as warmed wax or softened clay, before he began carving the marble. The experience of modeling was also fundamental in the invention of *rilievo schiacciato*. It is generally said that such reliefs were intended to be pictorial, and so they are. But with its highly irregular surface, the *Saint George and the Dragon* relief looks as much like a wax model as like a painting.

It is important to note other ways in which modeling in wax and clay became central to making sculpture in the first half of the fifteenth century in Florence. One was through the rediscovery of terracotta—baked clay—as a medium for statuary. This material had been relatively little used until its revival in Florence around 1415–1425. From that time forward, Ghiberti, Donatello, Michelozzo, and others regularly made sculptures in terra-cotta. At the same time, the same artists also began making bronzes, on a monumental scale for public commissions as well as in smaller sizes for private collectors. These bronzes were made from the lost-wax method, meaning that the final bronze statue was cast directly from a completely finished preparatory model in wax.

For a time in Florence during the first half of the fifteenth century, as in few other moments in the history of art, the best sculptors were simultaneously exploring new ways of working in several media at once. This led to a kind of technical and artistic fugue, in which sculptors began to be inspired by the effects they found in the different materials they used, and then attempted to transfer these various effects from one medium to another. In the conclusion of his marvelous book *The Materials of Sculpture*, Nicholas Penny has commented that "it is striking that the periods of the most remarkable innovations in sculpture—sixth- and fifth-century Greece and fifteenth-century Florence—were ones in which sculptors worked in more than one material. They were also periods in which techniques of modelling,

ANTHONY RUSSO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carving and casting were all developing in response to each other. In transcending the limitation or extending the possibilities of one material, the sculptor has sought to emulate, if not imitate, effects familiar, or at least more easily achieved in another."

Desiderio de Settignano and the other sculptors born around 1430—Antonio Rossellino, Andrea del Verrocchio, and Mino da Fiesole—were the first to emerge after this era of expansion of possibilities had begun, and they went on to dominate the making of sculpture for the next sixty years. Each of these men made different use of the new range of technical and creative freedom. About Desiderio, certainly, it must be said that he became one of the most gifted, most inventive, and most expressive marble sculptors in more than a thousand years. Just look at that laughing boy. ◆

Ruth Franklin

THE WRITING DEAD

POSTAL INDISCRETIONS: THE CORRESPONDENCE OF TADEUSZ BOROWSKI
Edited by Tadeusz Drewnowski
Translated by Alicia Nitecki
(Northwestern University Press, 384 pp., $35)

I.

The book is small, about the size of an ordinary paperback, and heavier than it looks. Its cover bears neither a title nor the name of an author, just an upside-down red triangle with a "P" inside and the number 6643. Its cardboard binding is covered in fabric: a soft, flannel-like material, warm and fuzzy to the touch, striped blue-gray. It is one of the most remarkable documents to emerge from World War II. It is called *Byliśmy w Oświęcimiu*, or *We Were in Auschwitz*, and it was published in Munich in 1946. Its three authors were listed on the title page by the numbers of their tattoos. Number 6643, the engineer Janusz Nel Siedlecki, was an "old-timer," as his low number demonstrates: he came to the camp in 1940, at its very beginning, as a political prisoner. Number 7587, Krystyn Olszewski, was an architect who would go on to become one of the chief city planners for Warsaw, Baghdad, and Singapore. Number 119198 was Tadeusz Borowski.

Borowski had published his first book of poetry in 1942, at the age of twenty, while he was a student at the underground Warsaw University. His fiancée, Maria Rundo (known as Tuśka), was carrying the makings of a second book, a cycle of love poems, when she was arrested by the Gestapo the following year. Coming to look for her, Borowski was also arrested. He was sent first to Warsaw's Pawiak prison and then to Auschwitz, where he remained for a year and a half before being transferred to a series of camps in Germany. He, Siedlecki, and Olszewski, as well as their publisher, Anatol Girs, were liberated from Dachau in May 1945 by the Seventh American Army, to which they dedicated *We Were in Auschwitz*.

In Poland before the war, Girs had been a successful graphic artist and book designer. Now, in Munich, he established the Family Tracing Service, an offshoot of the Polish Red Cross devoted to reuniting the mass of refugees separated by the war, and brought the three survivors into his employ. It was he who originally conceived of *We Were in Auschwitz*, intending the book to offer, as he wrote in the preface, "the history of a certain concentration camp.... Obviously, it does not subsume all of the circumstances of this camp, but very cautiously and, one is tempted to say, intimately, it gives a few fragments of what the authors themselves experienced and saw with their own eyes." Siedlecki, Olszewski, and Borowski each contributed chapters, ranging in length from a few pages to more than forty, told by narrators who share the authors' first names.

As if to put the book's authenticity beyond dispute, its cardboard covers bore the blue and gray stripes of the clothing worn by Auschwitz inmates, along with Siedlecki's number. A few copies—only a handful are known to exist—were actually bound in the fabric of that clothing. (Several years ago Welcome Rain Publishers released an English translation of the book, also by Alicia Nitecki, that reproduced this macabre design.) The book's title was *We Were in Auschwitz*, but by binding it with the clothing worn in the concentration camp—clothing they might have worn themselves—the authors make an even stronger declaration. "We *were* Auschwitz," they could almost be saying.

And the book's contents—which were even more shocking than its "fantastical binding," as Borowski described it—reinforce this impression. The stories, bearing ironic titles such as "I Don't Recommend Getting Sick" and "This Way to the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen" (the latter, one of Borowski's contributions, would eventually be anthologized as a classic of Holocaust literature), established the harshest perspective yet seen on the universe of the concentration camp—not just its executioners, but also its victims. The writers did not shrink from offering details of torture delicately omitted by other memoirists: prisoners in the arduous penal company lining up for voluntary hangings, an escapee forced to march around the camp in a clown costume before his execution. But the most horrific aspect of the stories—which ignited a controversy over the purposes of literature that would have drastic consequences for Borowski's future as a writer—is their cold irony, their utterly unvarnished portrayal of the behavior of the prisoners toward each other.

This Auschwitz, in contrast to the myths that sprang up immediately in the war's aftermath, is not a place of martyrdom or heroism. It is a place where inmates higher up in the camp hierarchy, the Polish political prisoners and others with special privileges, jeer at the Jews and Gypsies lower on the totem pole; where even a minor offense will be brutally avenged; where a prisoner, wondering if his girlfriend might have been sent to the gas chamber, muses, "So what, what's gone is gone." All this is recounted in a chillingly unsentimental and brazenly nihilistic voice that emphasizes its own detachment from the horrors that it records. Yet this detachment, it soon becomes clear, is a literary device for containing the speaker's fury, which bubbles up between the lines of each story even as he tries to choke it back.

Though the three former prisoners claimed authorship to the stories as one, this unforgettable voice has come to be strongly associated with Borowski, and it is most pronounced in the four stories that he wrote for the volume, which he later reprinted under his own name in his first collection of stories. When the stories first appeared in English translation—one in an anthology of Polish writing published in 1962, another in *Commentary* the same year—they were immediately recognized as singular in the burgeoning genre of Holocaust literature. But in the politically sensitive lit-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erary climate of Poland in the late 1940s, Borowski was more repudiated than celebrated. The editors of a prominent literary journal reprinted two of his stories from *We Were in Auschwitz*, but accompanied them with a note in which the editors distanced themselves from Borowski's work. Critics in both the Catholic and the communist press disparaged his writing as distasteful and even immoral. By the end of the decade, Borowski had renounced his own fiction and launched himself as a journalist, writing propagandistic columns that promoted socialist realism in literature and the dream of the communist society.

In July 1951 he committed suicide, shortly before his thirtieth birthday. It was an act that many critics, most prominently Czesław Miłosz, have understood as the unavoidable consequence of his political compromises. As Miłosz mercilessly portrayed him, under the pseudonym "Beta," in *The Captive Mind*, Borowski, who as a youth had been "a real poet," succumbed after Auschwitz to hatred and bitterness: "Pitiless and intolerant, he was one open wound." In propaganda he found the ideal vehicle for his fury, and he grew addicted to the esteem that his "malignant articles" brought him. "His mind, like that of so many Eastern [European] intellectuals, was impelled toward self-annihilation," Miłosz concluded. (Miłosz also repeated the rumor that Borowski, after surviving Auschwitz with Tuśka and later settling in Poland with her, had been unfaithful and found it too much to bear.)

But Borowski's suicide can also be read as a final act of rage against a world that turned out, in his estimation, to be little better than Auschwitz itself, a world filled with robbers, swindlers, and murderers, and governed by similarly corrupt codes of conduct. A. Alvarez has famously written that "around Borowski's stories there is a kind of moral silence, like the pause which follows a scream." But the scream, for Borowski, was the essence of his work. If Elie Wiesel was the great mystic of the Holocaust and Primo Levi was its great analyst, Borowski was its angry young man, a pent-up vessel of pressurized fury that could do nothing in the end but explode.

II.

The story of Borowski's life has all the makings of a myth: a meteoric rise followed just as quickly by a meteoric fall; the almost unbearable irony of his death (he gassed himself by putting his head in the oven). And like all myths about writers, the myth of Tadeusz Borowski has come to overshadow his work. To make matters worse, for years his poetry and his fiction have been relatively inaccessible, existing in incomplete and scattered versions. (An authoritative edition of his complete work has appeared in Polish only in the last few years.) The literary critic Tadeusz Drewnowski published a biography of Borowski in 1972, though it remains untranslated. The agonizing questions raised by Borowski's life and work have by and large gone unanswered. Why did he switch abruptly from poetry to prose after the war, only to renounce literature altogether a few years later? What led him to embrace the Communist Party, and what eventually disillusioned him?

Tadeusz Borowski in Munich, 1945–1946

COURTESY ESTATE OF ANATOL GIRS

And so the appearance of Borowski's correspondence, which was published in Poland in 2001 and has just been translated into English, is especially welcome. But even these letters—which include postcards that Borowski sent to his parents from Auschwitz, love letters to his fiancée when they were separated after the war, and editorial correspondence from Borowski's period as a literary critic and journalist—tend to be revealing primarily for what they do not reveal. The title of the volume is misleading: very few "postal indiscretions" are committed here. Borowski's letters can be candid and affecting, but they are often very guarded. And yet, while it leaves more than a few mysteries maddeningly unsolved, this book offers an incomparable view of a man very different from the furious narrator of his stories—a gentle, joking man who encouraged and supported his literary friends even as he struggled with the morality of creating literature in the wake of the death camps, who pined for his great love even as he despaired that he would ever again feel like a whole human being after Auschwitz.

The initial letters, sent to his mother first from Pawiak prison and then from Auschwitz, reveal the impress of the censor, metaphorically if not literally: their contents are restricted to the careful explanation of what sorts of food items Borowski was permitted to receive. "Send me whatever, and as much as, you are able, and preferably as often as you wrote in the letter. Don't worry about me, I am completely healthy and feel fine," he writes on May 30, 1943, in his first letter from the camp. "If you can," the second letter pleads, "send more, and more often." A few weeks later, the business-like language does not hide his desperation: "Send bigger packages and as often as possible.... More dried bread, also loaves of bread, as much fat as you can ... whole packages of onion, garlic, and other vegetables." It was a sign of Borowski's relatively privileged position as a Polish political prisoner that he was permitted to receive such packages; the Jews were not even allowed to write letters. And Borowski flaunted this privilege in his stories. In "A Day at Harmenz," a Jew who has been selected to go to the gas the next day begs "Tadek," the narrator, to share his food. "Okay, Jew, come on up and eat," Tadek replies. "And when you've had enough, take the rest with you to the cremo." (It is almost unbearable to learn that at the same time that Mrs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Borowska was sending her son the packages that cushioned for him the brutality of Auschwitz, she was sheltering a Jewish child at the family's home in Warsaw.)

Borowski was lucky in another way as well: he was able to pass letters to his fiancée in the women's camp, and even to arrange visits with her. Of course, there is no mention of this in the letters home. A single cryptic comment—"I'm happy that Tuśka often sees her husband"—is all that he will dare. But the story "Auschwitz, Our Home" reconstructs the letters that Borowski sent to his beloved, which describe the particularly tranquil period when he had been sent to train as an orderly at the Auschwitz hospital—a position highly preferable to hard labor. Auschwitz itself is depicted as something not far from paradise by those inmates who have experienced Birkenau. (The distinction here is between "Auschwitz I," the camp's administrative headquarters, and "Auschwitz II/Birkenau," the much larger and better-known extermination camp.) "These people over here are crazy about Auschwitz," he writes. " 'Auschwitz, our home,' they say with pride." The story's narrator, too, speaks of the camp with something like affection: he describes "the Puff," the camp bordello, which functions in the usual way, except that its users must undergo disinfection before and after their visits; and a wedding that takes place to the accompaniment of the prison orchestra. "Now everyone at the camp walks proudly, head high. 'We even have weddings in Auschwitz!' "

But Auschwitz was not, of course, all sex and romance. "Auschwitz, Our Home" gives Borowski's bluntest assessment of the evil of the Nazi system, which he describes with a chilling simplicity:

> If I had said to you as we danced together in my room in the light of the paraffin lamp: listen, take a million people, or two million, or three, kill them in such a way that no one knows about it, not even they themselves, enslave several hundred thousand more, destroy their mutual loyalty, pit man against man, and … surely you would have thought me mad.… But this is how it is done: first just one ordinary barn, brightly whitewashed—and here they proceed to asphyxiate people. Later, four large buildings, accommodating twenty thousand at a time without any trouble. No hocus-pocus, no poison, no hypnosis. Only several men directing traffic to keep operations running smoothly, and the thousands flow along like water from an open tap.

"One ordinary barn"; "only several men directing traffic"—what disturbs Borowski particularly is the apparent normalcy with which business at Auschwitz is conducted, not to mention the relatively small amount of infrastructure and labor required to keep the system running. No one, he seems to believe, had to be coerced to assume his necessary place in the camp. Even the inmates responsible for the cruelest task—unloading the transports of prisoners arriving at the camp, despoiling them of their valuables, and leading them to the gas chamber—were not "bad people," Borowski wrote elsewhere in the volume. "They were simply accustomed."

A reader who did not know the context of Borowski's Auschwitz letters might think their writer was taking the cure at some particularly unluxurious spa. "All's well with me, I'm just a bit tired," he wrote to his mother in January 1944. "I, myself, am, of course, well and cheerful, a normal person who accepts the present as though it were already the past, who is full of hope and not without a future," he reported the following summer. Again, a truer picture can be found in Borowski's fiction. The story "This Way to the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen" is based on a harrowing day that Borowski spent working on the ramp where the trains came in. A friend invites the story's narrator, again called "Tadek," to join the commando—the workers get to keep some of the food and clothing they find, and the work is not physically challenging. The catch, as Tadek quickly discovers, is that he is forced to confront the Jews headed to their deaths. Here he is no longer an onlooker to the thousands who "flow along like water from an open tap," and accordingly, his formerly disingenuous tone is now cynical and knowing. But still he is not beyond all possibility of shock—and it is at these moments that the story's moral voice, often overlooked amid the onslaught of cynicism, can be made out.

The language of the story, relentlessly impersonal, works against any recognition of the Jews' humanity: "heads" and "mouths" appear at the train windows instead of people; the Jews are a "crowd," a "wave," or a "river," rather than individuals. Tadek even describes his own actions with a distinctly impersonal Polish verb form: rather than saying "I jumped into the car," a literal translation would be something like "The car was jumped into." But human contact cannot be avoided for long. Several times Tadek must acknowledge his victims, and each encoun-

THE CHARLES BRONFMAN PRIZE 2008

Recognizing those who improve the world

ACCEPTING NOMINATIONS

The Charles Bronfman Prize continues its quest for individuals and teams, under 50 years of age, whose humanitarian work has contributed significantly to the betterment of the world.

The $100,000 award recognizes the vision and accomplishments of the recipient.

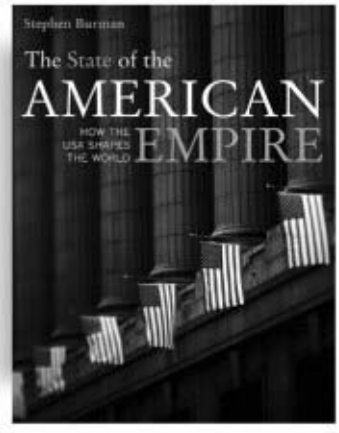
The Prize is a tribute to the innovators, heroes, and leaders who leave a profound impression on our lives. Their achievements exemplify the Jewish values and regard for humanity that provide inspiration to the next generations.

The public call for nominations from around the world opens September 1 and closes November 30, 2007.

For information about the nomination process, to download nomination guidelines and forms, and to read about prior recipients, please visit:

www.TheCharlesBronfmanPrize.com

OUR GLOBAL FOOTPRINT



The State of the American Empire

How the USA Shapes the World

BY STEPHEN BURMAN

Burman lays bare the global scope of the political, economic, cultural, and military might of a country that, paradoxically, was founded in a rebellion against imperialism.

At bookstores or www.ucpress.edu

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter disturbs him profoundly. Cleaning out one of the cattle cars, he finds a pile of dead babies. An SS officer tells him to make the Jewish women carry them onto trucks destined for the gas chambers. Most of them run in horror, but an older woman, taking the babies from his arms, looks into his eyes. "'Child, child,' she whispered and smiled at me." Another woman refuses to acknowledge her own child, who runs after her, screaming; she is beaten by an outraged member of the commando. Finally Tadek encounters a blond girl who reminds him of Tuśka. She faces him with unusual poise:

> "Listen, listen, tell me, where are they taking us?"
>
> I looked at her. Here standing before me is a girl with marvelous blond hair, with lovely breasts, in an embroidered summer blouse, with a wise, mature gaze. She stands, looks me straight in the eye, and waits. Over there is the gas chamber: communal death, hideous and disgusting. On the other side, the camp: the shaved head, the padded Soviet trousers in the heat, the repulsive, sickening stench of dirty, overheated women's bodies, the animalistic hunger, the inhuman labor, and then that same chimney, but a death still more hideous, still more disgusting, still more terrifying. No one who comes here—even if his ashes do not rise into the air above the chain of guards—will ever return to his former life. . . .
>
> "Answer."
>
> I was silent. Her mouth tightened.
>
> "I already know," she said with a shade of haughty disdain in her voice, tossing her head back. She walked boldly toward the trucks. Someone tried to hold her back, but resolutely she pushed him away and ran to the steps of the truck, which was already almost full. I could see from afar only her flowing blond hair, blowing in the wind.

The question that the girl asks, of course, cannot be answered. "It is the law of the camp that people going to their deaths are deceived until the very last moment," Tadek says earlier in the story. "This is the only permissible form of mercy." The story's title, then, is the height of irony; it represents precisely what cannot be said. Tadek has no choice but to be silent, but he recognizes his silence, too, as a form of complicity. In the last scene, the commando, returning to the camp, passes a division of SS officers marching and singing their anthem "*Und morgen die ganze Welt*" ("And tomorrow the world"). "'*Rechts ran*! To the right!' someone calls from the front of the command. We get out of their way."

III.

After Dachau was liberated, at the end of April 1945, Borowski made his way to Munich, only about ten miles from the camp. For some time, as he reports in his letters, he could find no civilian clothes, and had to go around in his "prison stripes." When he was finally able to exchange them, the only available replacement was an SS uniform, which he was still wearing the following fall. The war had ended, but its traces were not so easily shaken off.

In his letters from Munich, in which he debated whether to return to Poland, Borowski was generally laconic about his experience in the camp. "You probably haven't got the slightest idea how long a person can live without food," he wrote to an old schoolmate of his, describing the journey from Auschwitz to Dachau. In another letter ten days later, he was even more succinct: "I survived, it was awful, but no matter." Of course, it did matter. It mattered more than anything. As he would write in "This Way to the Gas," "No one who comes here . . . will ever return to his former life."

For one thing, there was very little left of Borowski's former life to return to. He was thrilled to discover that a few of his friends from university were still alive—including Stanisław Kazimierz Marczak, to whom several of his poems were dedicated—but they brought the terrible news that many others, along with much of his poetry, had not survived the war. "If you remember anything, write it down and send it to me," he begged. It took him months to trace Tuśka, whom he had not seen since August 1944, when she had been transferred to Ravensbruck. "Tell her, if she's alive, that I exist," he wrote to Marczak, in words that appear nearly verbatim in one of his poems. "That I will return at her slightest summons leaving everything behind: writing, stories, promises." He finally discovered her living in Sweden in November or December 1945, but it was another year before they would reunite and marry in Poland.

Separated from his love, Borowski was uncannily nostalgic for the time they had had together at Auschwitz. This nostalgia appears in both his letters and his poetry. "*Światło i cień*," or "Light and Shadow," a cycle of love poems that he had begun in Warsaw before they were both arrested, includes what might be the only love poem set in the death camp, a pastoral reverie that begins "You remember the sun of Auschwitz . . . " and goes on to imagine the countryside around the camp, the "far-off green meadow and white-celadon clouds," as if the landscape itself were the poet's lover. Another poem written at Dachau begins: "I know you are alive." These dense allusive lyrics, deeply romantic and infused with a shimmering corporeal vision of nature, would be remarkable regardless of the circumstances of their creation. That some were written in the camps makes them nearly miraculous.

But as he waited in "faraway, hateful Munich" for word from Tuśka on whether she would return to Poland with him, Borowski began to grow skeptical about the value of his poetry—of any poetry at all. "Our era hurts too much to write poems about the setting of the moon," he wrote in early 1946. In another letter around the same time, he expressed a withering condemnation of some earlier Polish poets, particularly the Romantics, and their preference for florid description and "Byronic grief" over reality:

> Please believe me when I say that some parts of Germany (Dresden, Württemberg, the Alps, for example) are as beautiful as the landscapes in the novels of bygone centuries. But when we walked across them in prison stripes, we did not extol the beauty of this country. The beauty of an enemy land? We developed our own criteria for beauty: the most beautiful city? Frankfurt reduced to rubble.

In his Munich poems, Borowski cultivated a voice even more powerful in its constrained ferocity than the voice of his stories. The poems' tight, almost singsong rhythm and their ingenious rhymes serve as an ironic contrast to the subject matter: the wreckage of Europe in the wake of the camps. (What other poet has devised so many rhymes for "crematorium"?) In "Resumé of a Good German," he traces the career path of an SS soldier—the Hitler Youth, battles in Africa and Russia, finally Auschwitz—along with his reading material along the way: Goethe, Hegel, Hitler. (Borowski rhymes "*Hitler Jugend*" with "*Tugend*"—German for "virtue"—and "*Mein Kampf*" with "*ramp*," the platform where the transports were unloaded.) "Friends" affects a painful sneer at his fellow students who died in the war: "All of my friends / the SOBs / knew life in the dregs / of KZs." (KZ is the abbreviation for *Konzentrationslager*, the German word for concentration camp.)

These flashes of angry humor cannot entirely light up the immeasurable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sadness at the core of Borowski's poetry. Grounding these pyrotechnics is a mournful vision of a world unable to leave Auschwitz behind. In a heartbreaking inversion of his love lyrics, "Farewell to Maria" warns his beloved not to return to Poland with him: "My love / was devoured by the crematorium fire." In "Fairy Tale for Children," he imagines legends of the camps passed down through generations, with no redemption: "The children will build gas chambers, / they will murder people inside." A poem dedicated to Stanisław Wygodzki, a Jewish poet who had also survived Auschwitz, predicts the circumstances under which each of them would return to Poland. Wygodzki, Borowski wrote, would be "alone, unneeded / like a shred of stripped-off bark," his wife and daughter both having perished. In contrast, Borowski imagines himself sharing a meal with his family, but fundamentally no less alone.

"That was interesting," someone
will say.
"My poor boy," someone will sigh.
And I will feel myself far away
with a world beyond waking in
my sight.

IV.

"I saw the death of a million people—literally, not metaphorically," Borowski wrote in one of his letters. The burden of bearing witness to this enormity was overpowering. As early as summer 1946, he declared in a letter to Tuśka that he had given up poetry, though he continued writing poems for at least another year. But prose was not the answer, either. Borowski was ambivalent about *We Were in Auschwitz* even before the book appeared, describing it as "an unfortunate mix of encyclopedia, symphony, proclamation, and anecdote.... I wrote two stories for it to which I will admit, and a few other things that I'd willingly foist off on my friends." (In fact, Borowski not only wrote four stories for the book, but he reportedly edited those written by Siedlecki and Olszewski, and may also have written the book's extensive editorial remarks as well as its indispensable "glossary" of Auschwitz terms.) "There is nothing artistic about it, since it was written in haste and to order," he wrote to the editor of a literary journal about the book. "I am sending you one of the stories as a sample of no worth."

After his return to Poland in June 1946, Borowski continued to publish stories on "camp themes," many of them just a few pages long, which were collected in 1948 as *Kamienny Świat*, or *Stony World*. Some of these were based on his experiences in the German camps; others were intended to demonstrate how "concentration camp reality" had persisted into the postwar period. He also threw himself into literary journalism, producing numerous reviews and essays for the journals and magazines that had sprung up or resurrected themselves after the war, and even starting one of his own. (It folded after a few issues.) The letters from this period, largely business correspondence concerning deadlines and manuscripts, give almost no hint of the commotion that Borowski's work was causing. His most notorious piece was a devastating review of a memoir by the Catholic Auschwitz survivor Zofia Kossak-Szczucka, in which Borowski alleged that she had doctored facts in order to conceal her privileged status at the camp, and accused her of promulgating the Polish "martyrological myth" (by suggesting, for example, that Polish women could tolerate hunger better

Four Poems by Tadeusz Borowski

I know you are alive. Otherwise
what sense would there be in the
shadow and light
of faraway cold stars, reflections
of a crystal world? The black earth
seems to blaze with dew, the woods
rise up darkly above the horizon
as if it were the sea's blue depths,
and my blood pulses as if its beat
answered
the beat of the waves of all the seas
in the universe,
so close to me and yet so far,
pulsing with your blood.
I feel you are here, I know you are.

Dachau, 1945

• • •

Friends

All of my friends,
SOBs,
knew life in the damp
of KZs.

All of my friends,
dopes,
didn't shield their eyes
at the post.

All of my friends,
asses,
now lie in their graves
under grasses.

All of my friends,
madmen.
Write the ditty, hold the pity.
Nothing more then.

If you have died, then remember:
I will come to you. What use have I
for these shapes that shimmer and
fade
like a river reflected in the sun—
an unfamiliar smile or pain or just trees
that lightly lay their leaves upon
the wind, or
the soaked earth, dead as a face
in the moon's green light ... I hear it,
I hear it, you're calling me, I feel it
in the wind
that flows past my window as if
it were you stroking my face
with your hair, your delicate hand,
pronouncing my name in a whisper ...
If you have died, know this: I will come.

• • •

Fairy Tale for Children

We will recount to the children
on long familial evenings
tales of prison cellars, of interrogation,
of camps and of chimneys.

We will tell them of the suitcases,
of transports, their gold and their
jewels.
The techniques of theft and murder
are what children will learn in their
schools.

Our words will pass down generations,
they will awaken evil and vice.
The children will build gas chambers,
they will murder people inside.

Translated from the Polish by Ruth Franklin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than others because they were accustomed to observing the Catholic fast days). It led to a concerted attack on him by both the Catholic and the communist press. Borowski was accused of immorality for his stories' portrayal of the savagery of Auschwitz—for daring to suggest that anyone might have been more focused on survival than on good deeds—and told that he lacked the ethical right to judge the writing of others. Several editors even demanded that he be brought before the court of the Polish Writers' Union.

If these attacks disturbed Borowski, he does not acknowledge it in his letters. But he does hint at the government's growing interest in literary activities. In a letter to a friend on January 10, 1948, Borowski refers jokingly to "the Ministry of . . . and . . . (of Art and Culture, but since there is neither art nor culture there, I maintain that only 'and' remains)." He joined the Communist Party later that year, but his membership did not alter the official position on his fiction. At a meeting of the Polish Writers' Union in January 1949, Włodzimierz Sokorski, the minister of culture, referred to Borowski as "a dangerous phenomenon, sometimes even positively harmful," and the editor of one of Poland's most prominent literary journals, formerly a supporter of Borowski's, joined in the chorus of condemnation. "He declared my creative work youthful, pointed out and condemned its immoralism, left the door open for the future with the words that 'it is hard to assess him as yet,'" Borowski reported. "It'll be easier when they hit me on the head."

It goes without saying that these attacks were unfair. Borowski's critics were judging him on religious and political grounds, not on his literary merits; and they had their own obvious political motives. Yet his friends, too, were growing concerned about his unbearably pessimistic worldview, his conviction that the brutality of Auschwitz continued unabated in the "stony world" of the postwar years. A colleague wrote that Borowski's skewed perspective reminded him of "the Malayan girl in Conrad's story: a girl who, reading only the local paper consisting of reprints from European papers of news about accidents, comes to the conclusion that Europe is one great slaughterhouse." Anatol Girs, who had by now emigrated to America, repeatedly urged Borowski to abandon the camp theme: "One cannot always live in camp memories. It was written about and one needs to let it go. . . . There are, after all, enough subjects, as you well know."

But Borowski had no other subject. Auschwitz was an essential element of his self-conception. "We're a pair of sick people, you and I," he had written to Tuśka a year after liberation. "We suffer from some indefinable nostalgia and are weary of the world. But evil doesn't lie in the world, it lies in us. I think it is going to be hard for me to live like this."

Traveling to Belgrade in 1947, Borowski had found himself impressed by his Yugoslav colleagues' pragmatic approach to their careers. "Literature isn't the chief occupation of young and old writers, and there are three, maybe four, professional writers—making a living only off writing," he reported to Tuśka. "The rest concern themselves with matters often far from literary, and that are primarily useful, and only after that beautiful. Perhaps this is better."

As socialist realism was promoted more and more fervently—it was officially espoused for the first time at that writers' conference in 1949—Borowski struggled to find a way to function within the system. In June 1949, he moved to East Berlin to work as a cultural attaché at the Polish Press Office. He seems to have thought that the post would provide him with a salary while still allowing him time for his own work. In fact, the job may have been intentionally designed to frustrate him; forced to do administrative tasks all day, he was unable to write.

But the German Democratic State was established in October, not long after Borowski's arrival, and he seems to have found in it his inspiration. "Infant cries in Berlin: a new people's democracy is being born," he wrote to Aleksander Wat a few weeks after the state was established. "May we have ever more of such infants!" Returning to Warsaw the following March, he devoted himself entirely to journalism, producing a weekly column in which he promoted socialist realism and denounced the decadence of the West. Miłosz, in *The Captive Mind*, describes this final stage of his career:

> For all their violence and precision of language, his articles were so dull and one-dimensional that this debasement of a gifted prose writer stirred my curiosity. He was certainly intelligent enough to understand that he was wasting his talent. In conversation with several literary authorities whose word determines a writer's place in the official hierarchy, I asked why such measures were being applied to him. . . . "No one makes him write articles," came the reply, "that's the whole misfortune. The editor of the weekly can't drive him away. He himself insists on writing them. He thinks there is no time, today, for art, that you have to act on the masses more directly and elementally. He wants to be as useful as possible."

How did Borowski so quickly jump from party scourge to communist darling—from joking about "the Ministry of . . . and . . . " to serving as its official mouthpiece? His letters offer no explanation. In Berlin, we see him for the first time writing in communist boilerplate, admiring the maturity of the city's young workers and observing "the class struggle in the area of culture." (In a letter dated around the same time, Tuśka gives this assessment of West Berlin: "luxury behind window displays, prostitution on the streets, and despair in the heart.") But only a single letter written during the last year of his life is included in this volume, a superficial note to his brother that offers a report of a factory visited on a recent trip to Berlin and the news that Tuśka was expecting a baby. (Their daughter was born less than a week before Borowski's suicide.) Since Drewnowski, in his introduction, acknowledges having omitted only letters dating from Borowski's Munich days, it can be assumed that no letters from this period have been discovered.

Drewnowski has included some excoriating letters from friends and colleagues who were amazed at Borowski's transformation. "Do you think, Sir, that a great literature can arise without being based on the literary output of older generations, even though . . . [they] concerned themselves with 'bourgeois' problems?" the journalist and theater critic Jan Paweł Gawlik inquired sharply. The editor Stefan Kisielewski, who had supported Borowski during the initial attack on him, now turned unsparing: "I consider you a journalist of great talent and equally great ignorance. . . . I doubt, anyway, that I can stop you on the intellectual slope down which you are heading. But I want my conscience to be clear: that I warned you."

ANTHONY RUSSO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

V.

The circumstances of Borowski's suicide left the doors wide open for speculation about his motivation. Drewnowski notes that he attempted suicide several times during the last year of his life, citing a letter from 1946 as the explanation: "Sometimes it seems it would be good to leave the field of battle before one commits some kind of compromise." (But this does not really explain it, since the year before his death was too late for Borowski to avoid compromise.) Miłosz, in *The Captive Mind*, commented that "those who observed him in the last months of his feverish activity were of the opinion that the discrepancy between what he said in his public statements and what his quick mind could perceive was increasing daily. He behaved too nervously for them not to suspect that he was acutely aware of this contrast."

In England and America, by contrast, students of the grim subject have followed the usual tendency to assume that a Holocaust survivor's suicide is a direct effect of his or her experience of the Holocaust. "Having escaped the Zyklon B of Auschwitz, he gassed himself at home," A. Alvarez concluded. Yet this assumption seems in some cases facile, an oversimplification. To say, after Primo Levi's suicide, that "Auschwitz killed him forty years later" is to overlook the severity of Levi's depression, which plagued him throughout his life, as all his biographers attest. (There may also be evidence that Borowski suffered from manic depression.) To the causes of history, the temperaments, the inclinations, the psychologies of the survivors must also be counted: as Lionel Trilling once observed, it is in our particularity that we suffer. Anyway, speculations about the motivations for suicide always have an air of ghoulish futility: who can ever understand why another person, especially a stranger known only through his writing, commits this most hopeless of acts?

In the case of Tadeusz Borowski, however, the Auschwitz interpretation does seem to have a certain plausibility—although in a way quite different from the easy correlation that is normally suggested. This requires some explaining. Unusually for a non-Jewish writer, Borowski's stories about the camp have been unquestioningly accepted into what has become established, for better or for worse, as the canon of Holocaust literature. His work is taught in college courses alongside the memoirs of Wiesel and Levi, and he is assumed, like them, to have been among the victims of the Holocaust, not among the perpetrators. For this reason, it is important to remember that Borowski—at least for the purposes of his fiction—viewed himself as a kind of perpetrator.

There can be no doubt that Borowski suffered terribly at Auschwitz; but he experienced the camp at a certain remove. As a Polish political prisoner, he was exempt from the very worst treatment. And thanks to the food that he received from home, he did not have to subsist on the Auschwitz starvation diet, painstakingly documented by Levi as amounting to about eight hundred calories per day. Levi, too, as he readily admitted, for a time occupied a more privileged position as a laboratory worker, but as a Jew he lived in a state of constant threat from which Borowski was—at least for a time—exempt.

The gulf between Borowski's experience of Auschwitz and Levi's experience of it can be seen in two particularly telling passages. In a story called "The People Who Walked On," included in *We Were in Auschwitz*, Borowski describes playing soccer on a field at the camp directly adjacent to the ramp where the transports were unloaded. One day Borowski was tending goal, and as he went to retrieve the ball, he noticed that a transport had just arrived and the people had assembled on the platform. He returned to the game and continued playing, then looked back a few minutes later. The platform was now empty. "Between two throw-ins in a soccer game, right behind my back, three thousand people had been put to death." This line has become notorious as an example of the indifference affected by Borowski's narrator—a transport is being unloaded, and he continues playing soccer! It can also be read as a judgment less on the narrator than on the entire apparatus that disposes of human beings in such a preternaturally efficient manner. What can it be like to realize that the population of a small town was sent to the gas chamber while one had one's back turned? But no matter how the line is read, there can be no doubt that the Borowski figure in the story is on the soccer field, not on the ramp.

Compare this description, in Levi's *The Drowned and the Saved*, of what might have been the same soccer game. It occurs in a chapter titled "The Gray Zone," in which Levi analyzes the cases of certain groups of privileged prisoners at Auschwitz, and the varying levels of collaboration with the system required

PAUL FREDRICK
MENSTYLE
Crisp, comfortable white 100% Cotton Pinpoint Oxford dress shirt at a
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE...
$19.95
Regularly $39.50-$49.50
Your Collar Style:
Six Collar Choices.
Your Cuff:
Button or French Cuff.
Your Fit:
Regular, Big & Tall or Trim.
Your Size:
14½" x 32" to 20" x 37".
Shown:
Straight Collar,
Item #120 $19.95
Multi Satin Stripe Necktie,
Item #TX1907 $49.50
Specify promotional code E7FSN1.
New customer offer. Limit four shirts per customer. Shipping charges extra. Cannot be combined with other offers. Expires 11/30/07.
Order today! Call 1-800-247-1417 or visit PaulFredrick.com/exclusive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of virtually everyone who survived the camp. (Levi mordantly notes that "privileged prisoners were a minority within the Lager population; nevertheless they represent a potent majority among survivors.") He devotes particular attention to the prisoners who served on the *Sonderkommandos*, the work forces who escorted the prisoners to the gas chambers and disposed of their bodies afterward. These prisoners were kept segregated from the general population of the camp, and thus they attained a certain legendary status as the personification of collaboration and degradation. "It has been testified that a large amount of alcohol was put at the disposal of those wretches," Levi writes, "and that they were in a permanent state of complete debasement and prostration." To emphasize their utterly depraved condition, he tells of a soccer game played between a team representing the SS crematorium guards and a team representing the *Sonderkommando*. "Nothing of this kind ever took place, nor would it have been conceivable, with other categories of prisoners," Levi writes. "But with them, with the 'crematorium ravens,' the SS could enter the field on an equal footing, or almost. Behind this armistice one hears satanic laughter. . . . We have embraced you, corrupted you, dragged you to the bottom with us. . . . You too, like us and like Cain, have killed the brother. Come, we can play together."

Borowski was no "crematorium raven." According to his biographer Drewnowski, he worked on the *Sonderkommando* for only one day—the day that he depicts in "This Way to the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen." But many of the details that he provides in that story—the use of alcohol on the ramp, for instance, or the psychological makeup of the squad members—corroborate Levi's analysis. He was not one of the brutes Levi imagines, men psychologically decimated by the inhumanities they were forced to perpetrate. And who is to say that any prisoner, faced with the offer of delicacies from all over Europe, new clothes, maybe even a watch, could have turned that down? Yet the fact remains that it was Levi who starved with the hordes of miserable Jews, and Borowski who mocked them when they begged him for food: "Okay, Jew, come on up and eat. And when you've had enough, take the rest with you to the cremo." It was Levi who incredulously heard the report of a soccer game in Auschwitz, and Borowski, with his back to the ramp, who tended the goal.

"The worst survived, that is, the fittest," Levi wrote also in *The Drowned and the Saved*. "The best all died." What he meant, as he had already written repeatedly, is that it was impossible to survive Auschwitz without resorting to theft, to trickery, even to collaboration; at the very least, to selfishness and deception. Those who did not do so—who shared their food rations, who picked up the slack for those unable to perform heavy labor, who extended a hand to help a prisoner who had fallen—were guaranteed to perish. This is hardly a moral judgment, at least when it is sensitively made; no one can fault survivors for the ferocity of their will to survive. And no one who has read Levi's scrupulous and intelligent writings can believe that their author could have been among "the worst." The same is true of Borowski—a writer of extraordinary talent and perception, whose moral rage at an incomprehensibly vast injustice was so all-consuming that in the end it overpowered his political judgment. But he would have concurred fully with Levi's philosophy of the camp. And the psychological wound suffered by a person who believes that about himself is unimaginable. In a terrible way, in a pitiful way, Borowski was not only in Auschwitz; he *was* Auschwitz. His privileges came at an annihilating cost. The Nazis spared his body, but they exterminated his soul. ◆

Alan Taylor
THE OTHER FOUNDING

THE JAMESTOWN PROJECT
By Karen Ordahl Kupperman
(Harvard University Press, 380 pp., $29.95)

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: WRITINGS, WITH OTHER NARRATIVES OF ROANOKE, JAMESTOWN, AND THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA
Edited by James Horn
(Library of America, 1,329 pp., $45)

SAVAGE KINGDOM: THE TRUE STORY OF JAMESTOWN, 1607, AND THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA
By Benjamin Woolley
(HarperCollins, 469 pp., $27.50)

Nothing succeeds like success in America, especially in the writing of popular history. Readers long to know how the United States became the world's grandest nation and who should get the glory as our founding heroes. In recent years, publishers have thrived off peddling the so-called Founding Fathers, the leaders of the American Revolution who created the United States with a republican government. But this year's celebration of a quadricentennial invites attention to an earlier spate of founders: the English colonists of Jamestown in Virginia, first settled in 1607. The queen of England and the usually reclusive American vice president have attended the festivities at Jamestown's ruins. A recent Hollywood epic gave us Colin Farrell as Captain John Smith. And now a spate of timely books insist that Jamestown was the singular seed, birthplace, font, or cradle of all good things American. One writer even claims that "the American Dream was born on the banks of the James River."

In fact, early Jamestown looks more like a nightmare of folly, hunger, disease, and violence. The colonists' London-based corporate sponsor, the Virginia Company, naïvely instructed the colonial leaders never to allow the Indians to see any English people die, lest the natives learn that the colonists were mere mortals. This instruction quickly proved impossible to follow as the colonists died in droves from disease and malnutrition. Of the initial 104 settlers who arrived in April 1607, just thirty-eight were still living nine months later. The continued shipments of newcomers kept the colony barely alive. In the spring of 1609 there were 220 colonists, but only sixty of them survived the winter. One starving colonist killed and ate his wife, for which he was burned at the stake.

In June 1610, the desperate survivors abandoned Jamestown and set off down the river, homeward bound. To their dismay, they were intercepted near the river's mouth by three ships from England bearing three hundred new colonists and a new governor who compelled

Alan Taylor is a professor of history at the University of California at Davis and the author of The Divided Ground: Indians, Settlers, and the Northern Borderland of the American Revolution *(Knopf).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a grudging re-occupation of Jamestown, where disease and hunger continued to kill the English by the hundreds. Of the ten thousand people shipped to the deadly colony, only one-fifth remained alive in 1622, when a critic charged that Virginia would "shortly get the name of a slaughter house."

Jamestown lay beside a broad swamp, which was good for defense against Spanish or Indian attack but lousy for the health of the colonists. In the hot and humid summer, the swamp bred millions of mosquitoes, carriers of malaria. In addition, brackish water contaminated the shallow wells, exposing the inhabitants to salt poisoning, especially during the summer, when the river ran low. The river's stagnant intertidal zone also retained the garbage and the excrement generated by the colonists, promoting epidemics of dysentery and typhoid fever. The survivors were often too weak and apathetic to work. Unable to cultivate enough corn in summer, they starved during the winter and spring. In 1620, their minister reported that "more do die here of the disease of their mind [than] of their body."

The initial colonists were a fractious and motley crew of gentlemen-adventurers and vagrants. One early leader characterized the colony as "full of misery and misgovernment." Unfamiliar with the new territory, the colonists lacked the Indians' skills at fishing, hunting, and raising maize. When a new governor arrived in 1611, he was shocked to find the colonists bowling in the streets instead of planting their crops. Captain John Smith concluded that "most of them would rather starve than worke."

Preferring to bowl or to explore for gold, the early colonists barely survived by extorting corn from the Indians. Possessing scant surplus to spare for their uninvited guests, the Indians frequently lashed out. One set of villagers killed seventeen intruding colonists, stuffed their dead mouths with corn as a sign of contempt, and left the corpses for their countrymen to discover. In revenge, the English resorted to their own theatrical forms of violence. Surprising that village, Captain George Percy and his men killed at least sixty-five Indians and burned their homes and cornfields. Heading back to Jamestown by boat, the victors threw captive children overboard to shoot for sport. Warfare and new diseases introduced from Europe combined to reduce the Indians of the tidewater region from twenty-four thousand in 1607 to just two thousand by 1669.

Since the colonists made such a bloody mess for themselves and the Indians, historians depict early Jamestown, in the words of Karen Ordahl Kupperman, as a "shambles of death and despair" and as the American "creation story from hell." Lamenting this grim picture as exaggerated, Kupperman, who is the pre-eminent contemporary scholar of English exploration and colonization, sets out in *The Jamestown Project* to vindicate the colony.

In part, Kupperman blames Jamestown's poor reputation on a popular historical memory that prefers the subsequent Pilgrim colonists of 1620 in New England. Pious Protestants and family farmers, the early New Englanders seem less mindlessly rapacious, fractious, and indolent than their colonial predecessors in Virginia. The Pilgrims also get extra credit for the legendary First Thanksgiving: by sharing a bountiful harvest with their Indian neighbors, they crafted a perfect contrast to the murderous hunger of early Virginia. Of course, that First Thanksgiving is a highly selective image. Two years later, the Pilgrims feigned friendship to lure seven Indians into a fatal trap. The victors lopped off one head for display atop their fort to intimidate the remaining natives. But American schoolchildren annually re-enact the First Thanksgiving instead of the subsequent head-on-a-pole.

Rather than debunk the Pilgrims, Kupperman comes to pitch Jamestown as an underestimated, if belated, success story. She concedes that the "little colony struggled through a horrible first decade in which it barely held on," but she emphasizes the settlers' eventual success in figuring out "what it would take to make an English colony work." Thereafter, "all other successful English colonies followed the Jamestown model." Emerging after 1615, that model consisted of large-scale immigration drawn by widespread private property in land, a representative assembly of landowners, and the commercial production of a staple crop for export. In Virginia's case, that crop was tobacco, first cultivated commercially by John Rolfe in 1616.

Since the Virginia model ultimately defied the initial plans of the colony's leaders, who favored martial law and corporate ownership, Kupperman credits "the trial-and-error efforts of the many ordinary people" among the colonists. By persisting through the bungling of their early leaders, the common Virginians set precedents that guided the Pilgrims to their later but more immediate success in their northern slice of the new land. In addition to highlighting eventual success, Kupperman softens the grim version of Jamestown by casting doubt on the early records as a litany of "complaints, special pleading, and excuses" by bitter rivals for control of the little colony. She insists that "beyond the surface noise of complaint and charge and countercharge," we find improvisations "that finally achieved a measure of stability and growth in the colony."

Discounting her sources proves easier said than done, for Kupperman relies on the vivid words of that champion complainer and cunning infighter Captain John Smith. Concluding that he "drew the true lessons of the Jamestown experience," she celebrates Smith as a champion of the common man and as the first American action hero. In his avid self-promotion, his aggressive social mobility, his decisive violence, and his preference for common sense and practical experience over book learning and inherited status, Smith seems more proto-American than latently English: an early John Wayne in pantaloons, doublet, and whiskers.

Born into England's rural middle class, Smith was a restless soul, ever moving and ever striving for fame, money, and authority. Fleeing rural boredom and mediocrity, he became a soldier of fortune, fighting in France, Italy, the Low Countries, Ireland, and Transylvania. Short but powerfully built, he rose by his quick and resourceful wits. After returning to England, he was recruited by the Virginia Company in 1606 to join its first expedition to the new land. When Smith arrived in Virginia in April 1607, the colony's more prestigious men opened the company's sealed instructions and discovered to their dismay that he had been named to their governing council. This was especially inconvenient because he was in irons, confined as a suspected mutineer for his rancorous words during the voyage.

Upon his release, Smith renewed his relentless criticism of his fellow councilors until disease and infighting removed most of them, elevating Smith to the council presidency in September 1608. But he retained power only until October 1609, when he was crippled by an accidental gunpowder explosion. In that weakened state, he barely escaped assassination by his rivals before fleeing to England in defeat by year's end. Subsequently slighted and ignored by the company's London leaders, Smith never returned to Virginia. Instead, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explored New England for another company, but it, too, grew weary of his egotism and consigned the captain to a poverty that was terminated only by his death, in 1631, in London.

Although he lived in Virginia for little more than two years, Smith claimed a central role in that colony's history through his prolific and vivid writings. Adeptly edited by James Horn, a distinguished historian at the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, those writings are now readily available (along with other narratives by Smith's contemporaries) in a handsome volume published by the Library of America. The hero of his own tale, Smith denigrated all others, including the corporate leaders in London and his colonial rivals for power. Early and often, he insisted that Virginia would have prospered quickly had it been fully entrusted to his prolonged command, free from any meddlers.

Feisty and ambitious, he despised his social inferiors almost as much as he resented his political superiors. Despite his current reputation as an early American populist, Smith dismissed the common colonists as "all the trash they could get in London" and as "little better, if not worse" than savages. They needed government by his iron fist, for Smith could abide neither control from above nor resistance from below. And when he proved unable to have his way at Jamestown, he anticipated Huck Finn by lighting out for the territory ahead of the rest. Leaving his political rivals behind, he led expeditions to explore the local waterways and to extort food at gunpoint from Indian villages. Rather than escape permanently into the wilderness, he hoped to return a conquering hero to claim command at Jamestown. By acquiring food and a unique expertise in the landscape and in native relations, Smith sought to make his leadership indispensable to his fellow colonists.

While abating the friction at Jamestown, Smith's journeys provoked conflicts with the natives, who wanted to keep their corn and to contain the colonists within their fort at Jamestown. A paramount chief called Powhatan led about thirty native villages strung along the rivers of the Virginia tidewater. Rather than risk heavy casualties to crush the newcomers, Powhatan hoped to exploit them as trading partners by confining them to one small fort. If they were limited in number and in range, the English would have to trade for corn and furs on Indian terms. By procuring English metal goods, including guns, Powhatan sought an edge against his native enemies, the Monacans, to the west.

In effect, Powhatan worked to subordinate Jamestown within his chiefdom as yet another village that paid homage and tribute. His opportunity came when Smith stumbled into an ambush and became Powhatan's prisoner. The paramount chief ritually adopted Smith as a subordinate chief in a ceremony that took the form of a mock execution, interrupted—on cue—by Pocahontas, the chief's eleven-year-old daughter. Of course, the captain famously misunderstood the ceremony as the spontaneous intervention of a girl who could not resist his charm. Upon his release and return to Jamestown, Smith resumed bullying the Indians to obtain their corn, instead of paying the tribute in guns expected by Powhatan.

Smith bristled at the alternative policy proposed by his rival, Captain Christopher Newport, who favored diplomacy in dealing with Powhatan. Endorsing a more generous trade, Newport offered metal weapons to entice Powhatan. In effect, Newport was willing, at least in the short term, to restrict English Virginia to a small enclave dedicated to trade, like the French posts to the north in Acadia and Canada. Newport spoke for the Virginia Company, which longed to reduce the heavy costs of defending colonists who provoked the Indians.

Newport charged Smith with cruelty to Indians, while Smith dismissed Newport as a naïve fool easily gulled by the more cunning Powhatan, who respected only force. Smith characterized their different policies thus: "Newport seeking to please the unsatiable desire of the Salvage, Smith to cause the Salvage to please him." Determined to obtain Indian corn cheaply, Smith meant to dominate the natives by preserving and exploiting the English monopoly on firearms. Fortunately for Smith (but alas for Powhatan), Newport spent only brief interludes in Virginia, for his primary duties lay at sea as a mariner. Dealing with the Indians fell primarily to the leaders on the ground: to Smith and his bloody-minded successors as governors of the colony. After Newport departed in 1608, bloodshed increased as the Indians ambushed settlers to take the guns that they would not trade, while the colonists counter-attacked for revenge and for the recovery of those cherished weapons.

ANTHONY RUSSO

In the end, our national legacy comes primarily from Smith rather than from Newport. Smith pioneered the confrontational policy that eventually dispossessed the Indians in favor of English colonists by the thousands. By creating an expansionist colony of agricultural settlement rather than a mere trading enclave, Smith's domineering approach contributed to the subsequent empire, initially British and later American, that would conquer the continent. Newport can claim only a slighted policy of diplomacy that might have spared the lives of thousands, both native and colonial.

Allured by Smith's version, Kupperman cannot resist devoting most of her book to a narrative of Jamestown's early years of chronic hunger, disease, and warfare. For long stretches, she reiterates the dark picture that she had promised to lighten. "Jamestown was notoriously unhealthy," she concedes, "and the colonists made it more unwholesome by the way they operated their little society." She also reports that the colonists degenerated into a "kind of shapeless, aimless mass" by "the end of the starving winter" of 1609–1610. Once again, that great ham actor Captain John Smith has stolen the scenes and hijacked an author's best intentions.

Distracted by retelling the early horror story, Kupperman never fulfills her opening promise to focus on the common colonists who crafted Virginia's eventual success as a tobacco colony. Except for a cameo appearance by John Rolfe in her last chapter, those common colonists remain nebulous. And because she concludes the book with the year 1622, when those colonists were fighting for their lives against an Indian uprising, she never gets to their success in subsequent decades. The book's premature end also deprives readers of any attention to a key element in the Virginia model: the enslavement of Africans to cultivate the tobacco. By ending so abruptly, Kupperman can hint at Virginia's eventual success without acknowledging the essential role of slavery.

To make her case, Kupperman also needs to demonstrate that later colonial ventures followed Virginia's model. In fact, subsequent colonizers regarded Virginia as more of a horror show than an inspiration. In 1622, after three years in Virginia, John Pory visited the Pilgrims at Plymouth and, in Kupperman's words, "wrote

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a glowing account of the healthfulness, rich food supplies, and good situation of the northern colony." Pory wished that "our people in the Southern Colony . . . were as free from wickedness and vice as these are in this place!" And, if Smith did draw "the true lessons of the Jamestown experience," they included his admonition that colonists avoid Virginia in favor of New England, which he praised as far healthier and more promising for family farmers. In fact, early Virginia primarily taught subsequent colonists what not to do. Nor did they need Virginia to teach them the value of private property or a representative assembly, as these were English values rather than Jamestown inventions. Moreover, Virginia's staple crop—tobacco—was either irrelevant to other colonial regions or dreaded as hard on the land and the laborers and as a detriment to economic diversity.

The Jamestown Project works best when Kupperman sets aside her special pleading for Jamestown as an inspirational success and as our singular national cradle. The book sparkles when she instead recovers the complex and cosmopolitan backdrop to English colonization. During the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century, an ambitious mix of English visionaries and rogues probed the wider world for new opportunities. Mixing utopian dreams with pragmatic greed, they sought great fortune and new power for their small, poor, and beleaguered island kingdom. Protestants and nationalists, they sought to break out of encirclement by the overbearing power of Catholic Spain, which financed European domination with gold and silver extracted from Mexican and Peruvian mines. Seeking a share of this wealth, these Englishmen preyed upon Spanish ships and seaports, or they conquered and plundered the Catholic Irish. In stretching westward into North America, the English sought pirate bases to afflict the Spanish, and new plantations to exploit the Indians just as they had done to the Irish.

Kupperman also sheds light upon England's growing engagement with the Muslim world as a mix of attraction and repulsion. Some of the Virginia Company's leaders had cultivated trading partners and potential allies among the Muslim rulers of Morocco and the Ottoman Empire, while some English mercenaries (including Smith) fought against the Turks on behalf of Christian warlords in the Balkans. She suggests that familiarity with Islam facilitated colonial improvisation in the New World—but how she does not say. In sum, her English promoters and adventurers lived in a complex world of mixed and multiple dangers and opportunities which invited great gambles that could spin into madness, as they did at Jamestown.

By taking readers on a sprightly jaunt around the Mediterranean, into Ireland, and across the Atlantic to both the tropics and the Arctic, Kupperman reveals Jamestown as only one small, risky, and tenuous foray in a global array of English ventures, rather than the essential seed of a future superpower. But she also makes a good case that Jamestown's founders deserve some credit for their unusual persistence through the initial decade of folly and suffering. Given the miserable failures of other English colonial ventures, most sensationally at Roanoke during the 1580s, she argues that Jamestown stands out for its founders' surprising endurance.

If so, let us now praise infamous men: the long-maligned leaders of the Virginia Company in London. Distant, wealthy, and English, they make convenient foils in an enduring American populist story originally crafted by Smith. In this version, the corporate leaders were out-of-touch elitists, afflicting the poor colonists with unrealistic expectations and foolish instructions. Success allegedly came only when ordinary colonists defied their superiors by becoming pragmatic and resourceful Americans guided by experiment and experience.

But if sheer endurance was Jamestown's glory, then the English corporate magnates deserve most of the credit. Against all odds and reason, they kept pouring good money after bad to ship more supplies and new colonists, year after profitless year. Meanwhile, most of the common colonists endured only in early graves, replaced by the newcomers funded by the persistent leaders of the underappreciated company. The survival of the colony depended on that expensive stream of newcomers who kept the living numbers slightly ahead of the gravediggers. Rank ingratitude and royal greed killed the company in 1624, transforming Virginia into a crown colony just as tobacco rendered it profitable. Ever since, historians have treated the company with an undue contempt influenced by Smith and other axe-grinders.

Benjamin Woolley covers the same ground in an amiable but aimless history. Like Kupperman, he promises to reveal the seventeenth-century seed of contemporary American power, but he too dwells on the misery and folly of Jamestown's early years as "a midden of disease and destruction" and a "descent into chaos." For long stretches, Woolley also loses his focus on Jamestown, stuffing his book with rambling digressions. These include prolonged excursions into political and corporate squabbles in London, Smith's travels along every Virginia river, Sir Walter Ralegh's expedition to Guyana in 1595 in search of El Dorado, the shipwreck at Bermuda of one set of colonists, a detailed plot summary of *The Tempest*, and an account of African mercenaries employed by the Portuguese in Angola.

Small wonder, then, that Woolley so frequently loses track of the main sequence of events, distorting the relationship of causes and effects. His date of August 6, 1609 for the first death by disease in the new land is two years late, and he also misdates the worst "starving time" to 1608–1609 rather than 1609–1610. He assures readers that "the date of Pocahontas's capture [by the English] was 13 April 1614," but a few pages later he insists that after a year's captivity and a courtship by John Rolfe, she married him "on 5 April 1614." Of course, the marriage date is correct, because the English had captured her a year earlier, in 1613.

In his closest approach to a unifying theme, Woolley drops ominous hints

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE/PERSONAL ASSISTANT

New York City—Highly intelligent, resourceful individuals with exceptional communication skills sought to undertake research projects and administrative tasks for one of Wall Street's most successful entrepreneurs. We welcome applications from writers, musicians, artists, or others who may be pursuing other professional goals in the balance of their time. $90-110k/yr to start (depending on qualifications). Resume to: gen8R@spsfind.com

Open
UNIVERSITY
On *The New Republic*'s own ivory-tower blog, classes are in session 24/7
tnr.com/blog/openuniversity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Spanish spies in cahoots with English traitors to undermine the embattled little colony. He embraces the heroic Protestant nationalism that celebrated Queen Elizabeth I and her favorite, Sir Walter Ralegh, for challenging the Spanish (and Catholic) empire in the Americas. Woolley shares Ralegh's disdain for the queen's more cautious successor, King James I, who made peace with Spain in 1604 to save England from the draining expense of an endless war. Where that war had ruined the previous English colony at Roanoke, the peace of 1604 made possible the occupation of Jamestown in 1607. But instead of crediting King James and his pragmatic ministers, Woolley insinuates that they covertly set up Jamestown to fail.

Woolley casts the king's chief minister, Sir Robert Cecil, as a sinister mastermind bent on undermining the Jamestown colony lest it provoke the Spanish into an expensive new war. Both backstabber and bean counter, Cecil prepares to sacrifice England's imperial potential in America by sowing the colony with troublemaking double agents. "However these men link up, the outline of a Cecil subterfuge is just about visible," Woolley darkly hints. "The imprint of his actions was disastrously disfiguring the government of Jamestown." A master of ominous suggestion, he adds that "deep in the political background, a gargantuan power struggle was under way. Cecil was by now openly hostile towards the venture." Apparently, Cecil's malignant conspiracy constitutes the "true story of Jamestown" promised by the title of Woolley's book. Behind every measure and new appointment in Virginia, he detects the covert hand and malign intentions of Sir Robert Cecil.

In effect, Woolley creates a bridge between the conspiratorial expectations of two ages: his seventeenth-century sources and his readers in our own day, from their monarchy to our national security state. We share with them a sense of powerlessness that readily suspects dark manipulations by the powerful, operating behind curtains of secrecy. Woolley need only drop his hints and we can easily imagine the rest, thanks to Watergate, Karl Rove, Black Ops, the Twin Towers, and *The X-Files*. Resonating with our contemporary anxieties, popular history in books and television traffics in arcane secrets and conspiratorial truths at last revealed: of supposed plots to kill various presidents, to fake a moon landing, to cover up Amelia Earhart's fate, to suppress evidence of Jesus as a family man or of the Chinese as America's true discoverers.

Alas, reason and evidence are often cruel to the baroque intricacies of conspiracy theories. Had King James and Sir Robert Cecil truly wanted to block the Jamestown colony, they could have done so directly; they would not have needed to sow it with sleeper cells of traitors. Moreover, Cecil's cronies had invested in the Virginia Company and stood to profit from its success. Woolley refers to one suspect as "Cecil's agent in Plymouth and an investor in the expedition." Why would Cecil's men invest in a venture that he meant to sabotage?

In fact, Cecil's policy of soothing Spanish alarm helped to preserve the tenuous little colony. By downplaying the colony's significance in conversations with the Spanish ambassador, Cecil helped to dissuade the Spanish from attacking Jamestown. Rather than Virginia's insidious enemy, he was an essential, albeit subtle, friend. Still, I was sorry to see the evil Cecil go, dead on May 24, 1612 and at the three-quarters mark for Woolley's narrative, which thereafter suffers for want of that lone thread of continuity.

Ultimately, Woolley hints at a darker theme for his book by concluding with the massive Indian uprising of 1622, which killed one-quarter of the Virginia colonists. In response, the colonists sought to exterminate the local Indians as irredeemable savages. "Whereas we are advised by you to observe rules of justice with these barbarous, perfidious enemies, we hold nothing unjust that may tend to their ruin," Virginia's governor assured the Virginia Company. Indeed, the Virginians poisoned and massacred Indians who came to negotiate a peace treaty. The Reverend Samuel Purchas celebrated, "Thou shalt wash, [and] hast washed thy feet in the blood of those native unnatural Traitors, and now becomest a pure English Virginia; a new other Britain, in that new other World: and let all English say and pray, GOD BLESS VIRGINIA." Woolley regards this ruthless retribution as the "defining moment of the colonists' act of possession," when "they crafted and honed their American identity."

Woolley apparently views Jamestown's legacy for America as a heart of darkness rather than a birth of freedom. This possibility casts a more ominous light on his opening and closing images of the global power now manifested near Jamestown. The rivers flowing into the Chesapeake Bay host both "the largest naval base in the world" at Norfolk and the capital of "a new Rome … Washington, D.C." Although he will not say so directly, Woolley hints that American success is tainted by its bloody origins at Jamestown. If so, the rest of the world should duck for cover.

Woolley occasionally grasps at Kupperman's straw: that Americans today think too little of Jamestown because they think too much of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. In a hyperbolic vein, he laments "Virginia's erasure from popular history as the birthplace of English America." It seems quaintly old-fashioned when Woolley and Kupperman insist that the Pilgrims steal the show. Maybe this was so in the nineteenth century, but our own popular culture clearly prefers Jamestown, as the current spate of books attests. Thanks especially to a Disney animated film, the First Thanksgiving has been eclipsed by the Great Rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. In public allure, a last-minute reprieve from death (with a hint of cross-cultural sex) will always beat a staid meal accompanied by prayer. Many more Americans can name John Smith and Pocahontas than can identify any one of the Pilgrims, who in comparison to the dashing captain and his Indian princess seem dour, dull, and irrelevant: the boring has-beens and killjoys of the colonial party.

But it is not clear why we have to choose between Plymouth and Jamestown in a zero-sum game of American origins. That old and distorting contest derives from the eve of the Civil War, when the champions of the American South and New England squabbled over which region had most shaped American institutions and the American character. In fact, we need both colonial Plymouth and colonial Jamestown to make sense of our national origins, for Virginia and New England became essential partners in making our republic and then in unmaking it during the Civil War. Now employed mainly to sell books, the wearisome debate over a singular American cradle casts more heat than light.

And why must we limit our choice to any one English settlement when the United States also emerged from other colonial clusters, including the Swedes and Finns along the Delaware River and the Dutch in the Hudson Valley? Kupperman knows that the Spanish preceded the English within the future bounds of the United States, founding Florida in 1565 and New Mexico in 1598, but she recycles the old conceit that only the English can qualify as our founders: "the outlines of a genuinely American Society, with all its virtues and defects, first emerged along

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the James [River]." Were not Florida and New Mexico, with their own virtues and defects, not already American societies? What magic does the James River bestow that exceeds the magic of the Rio Grande as the fountain of America? Anyway, the celebration of any one European settlement as the sole cradle of our America continues to discount the role of native peoples, who have sustained "genuinely American" societies for at least fifteen thousand years. If we must search for founders, we should begin with them. ◆

G. W. Bowersock
A MODERN AESOP

TRAVELS WITH HERODOTUS
By Ryszard Kapuściński
Translated by Klara Glowczewska
(Alfred A. Knopf, 275 pp., $ 25)

Ryszard Kapuściński died earlier this year at the height of his powers. Beginning as a local reporter for the Polish newspaper *Sztandar Młodych*, or *The Banner of Youth*, he rose to international eminence with his reports from many of the most turbulent places on the planet, and at the age of seventy-four, when he died, he was universally acknowledged to be as great a writer as a reporter. He was a journalist like no other, an incomparable observer whose literary brilliance transformed his reporting into something like the magical realism of fiction—into magical realist non-fiction, which in some ways has an even greater sting.

Emerging from the stifling repression of communist Poland in the 1950s, Kapuściński took up assignments in India, China, East Asia, sub-Saharan Africa, and Latin America. After his tour in China he switched employers and joined the Polish Press Agency, which gathered news and intelligence from all parts of the world. Amid so many alien cultures, Kapuściński saw not only what was happening abroad, but also what the West needed to know. With the instincts of a novelist and an allusive style forged under the eyes of Polish censors, he wrote with equal facility about Soviet penal colonies, the fall of the Shah of Iran, the court of Haile Selassie (in an amazing book called *The Emperor*), and a bloody conflict between Honduras and El Salvador over soccer.

In 2004 Kapuściński published the last and perhaps the most unusual of all his books, *Travels With Herodotus*. This is a work that is full of autobiographical reflections, therefore highly personal—and yet it is no less full of historiographical reflections about the Greek "father of history" that constantly keep the reader at a distance from Kapuściński himself. This double engine of autobiography and classical reading generates an almost Brechtian effect of alienation. In the end we learn relatively little about either Kapuściński or Herodotus, though the oscillation from one to the other generates the kind of enchantment that only magic kingdoms can create. And yet it is Kapuściński's premise that there is no Shangri-La. Although everything is exotic, it is frequently barbaric. Kapuściński's foreigners are as inscrutable and as merciless as those in Herodotus. The question that keeps arising is why we should be reading now about all these strange peoples, separated by two and a half millennia.

The author himself is the common denominator, of course. It is he who experienced the bewildering cultures of India, China, and Africa, as they are described in this book, and it is he who is assiduously reading Herodotus in all those disparate places. The ostensible reason for this conjunction is that when Kapuściński received his first assignment as a journalist outside Poland, his supervisor presented him with a copy of Herodotus for reading along the way. The gift proved to be portentous. Kapuściński would have us believe that he kept company with Herodotus throughout his journeys for more than two decades after his first trip abroad in 1956. Just as he begins with the assignment that first took him beyond the borders of Poland, he begins at the same time with the opening of Herodotus's investigations. In a dazzling manipulation of narrative structure, he traverses the ancient historian's world in tandem with his own travels. The Massagetae and the Scythians stand side by side with the Indonesians, the Congolese, and the Iranians, and we move seamlessly from a concert by Louis Armstrong in Khartoum to the storming of Babylon by Darius the Great. With unerring instinct, Kapuściński brings his own story to an end just as he takes us through the grand finale of Herodotus, with its account of the Greek defeat of the Persian invaders under Xerxes. In the last pages we are artfully transported to Bodrum in modern Turkey, which just happens to be the site of ancient Halicarnassus, the home of Herodotus.

Kapuściński romanticizes Herodotus in a traditionally European way. Since the historian is imagined to have come from "a land of sun, warmth, and light, of olive trees and vineyards," Kapuściński cannot resist the idea that "someone born here must naturally have a good heart, an open mind, a healthy body, a consistently cheerful disposition." He thinks that Herodotus, as a child of his culture and his climate, sat at hospitable tables "in large groups of a warm evening to eat cheese and olives, drink cool wine, converse." This is Goethe's *Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn?*—"Do you know the country where the lemon trees bloom?"—but with a Greek referent and a Polish accent.

Kapuściński asks us to believe that the events described by Herodotus so absorbed him when he was in the Congo "that at times I experienced the dread of the approaching war between the Greeks and the Persians more vividly than I did the events of the current Congolese conflict, which I was assigned to cover." Yet this is a conflict that Kapuściński himself characterizes by "frequent eruption of gunfights, the constant danger of arrest, beatings, and death, and the pervasive climate of uncertainty, ambiguity, and unpredictability." He says that "the absolute worst could happen here at any moment and in any place." Did all that really pale before the Persian Wars?

One may question whether Kapuściński was really reading Herodotus all the time he was covering the trouble spots of the globe for the more than twenty years chronicled in this book. Yet he is clearly concerned to impress upon his reader the impact that Herodotus had upon him, and to draw, by the constant collocation with himself, a parallel. We have to wonder what the point of this exercise is. Kapuściński drops important clues as he goes along. The first is his emphasis on the international scope of Herodo-

G. W. Bowersock is professor emeritus of ancient history at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tus's inquiries. (It is worth remembering that the Greek word *historiê* for this particular historian means "inquiry" or "investigation," rather than what we would call history.) For Kapuściński, Herodotus "enters the stage as a visionary on a world scale, an imagination capable of encompassing planetary dimensions—in short, as the first globalist." A little later, multiculturalism is added to globalism as part of Herodotus's baggage. This multiculturalism "was a living, pulsating tissue in which nothing was permanently set or defined, but which continually transformed itself, mutated, gave rise to new relationships and contexts." And from Herodotus the globalist and Herodotus the multiculturalist we move next to Herodotus the journalist: "How did he work, i.e., what interested him, how did he approach his sources, what did he ask them, what did they say in reply? I was quite consciously trying to learn the art of reportage, and Herodotus struck me as a valuable teacher."

Finally, toward the end of his book, Kapuściński opens up something quite different in Herodotus. When asked what struck him most about the Greek history, he replies, "I answer that it is its tragic dimension." This leads him to a comparison with Herodotus's contemporaries—Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. And comparisons with drama and myth lead straight to the fundamental problem of sorting out history from fiction. Herodotus discovered long ago, says Kapuściński, that "people remember what they want to remember, not what actually happened." Accordingly, "getting through to the past itself, the past as it really was, is impossible.... The past does not exist. There are only infinite renderings of it." This explicit repudiation of the old ideal of objectivity about history, of Ranke's *wie es eigentlich gewesen* ("as it really was"), encapsulates the lessons that Kapuściński draws from Herodotus as he understands him.

Not everyone has read Herodotus this way, as an early hero of subjectivity and relativism. Some have seen him as the first anthropologist, giving the results of his field work among alien peoples such as the Egyptians or the Scythians. But at the same time he brought his work to a triumphalist conclusion with the Greeks' resounding defeat of the Persians. There was nothing relativist about that. For Herodotus it really did happen, and it was important. The very directness of his reportage is an impediment to Kapuściński's view of him. Herodotus often says he cannot vouch for the accuracy of what he reports, though he reports it all the same—but when he can be sure, he tells us what happened. Such transparent reportage poses a problem for Kapuściński—and may, in the end, explain why his Herodotus is made to look increasingly like Kapuściński himself.

In the opening pages of his book, before we hear of the fateful gift from his supervisor, Kapuściński recalls that he attended the lectures on ancient Greece by Professor Izabela Bieźuńska-Małowist at Warsaw University in 1951. He found no trace of Herodotus in what he describes as his "careful notes" on these lectures, but he assumes that the Greek must have made a momentary appearance. It happens that I knew Bieźuńska-Małowist, a superb and widely admired scholar. Perhaps Kapuściński missed a lecture or two in those dark days at the university, but we can have no doubt that Herodotus appeared significantly in that course in Warsaw. Even if the city lay in ruins, as Kapuściński says, and libraries had gone up in flames, Bieźuńska-Małowist knew her Herodotus well and would have given him the prominence that he deserved, even with due regard for the ever-vigilant secret police.

In beginning as he does, Kapuściński wants to draw attention to the suppression of the Polish translation of Herodotus that Seweryn Hammer had made in the mid-1940s and deposited with the Czytelnik publishing house. He knows that the text had been sent to the typesetter in the autumn of 1951, but the book did not actually appear until the end of 1954, after Stalin's death. He assumes that a Polish censor had blocked its publication, and hence, when the translation came into his hands just before he left the country in 1956, he at last had access to this forbidden fruit. Kapuściński suggests that Herodotus had been suppressed "because all our thinking, our looking and reading, was governed during those years by an obsession with allusion." Every word had "a double meaning, a false bottom, a hidden significance."

I must say that reading the text of Herodotus as a text "utterly different from what was clearly written" takes a colossal effort on the part of someone reared outside a totalitarian regime. Herodotus was the most direct and candid, if sometimes credulous, of all ancient historians. If there was one thing he was not, it was allusive for the purpose of conveying hidden meanings. Still, his tales of bloodthirsty tyrants and insatiable imperialist rulers could indeed be read as cautionary for a modern regime, and conceivably the Polish censors might have been fearful of the inspiration readers might draw from reading about Periander, Croesus, or Xerxes.

In an interview in 1997, Kapuściński acknowledged that he practiced Aesopian writing, by which he meant that one text served, rather like a fable by Aesop, as a means of conveying to knowledgeable readers a message about something else. His book on Haile Selassie, by his own admission, was "not about Ethiopia or Haile Selassie—rather, it's about the Central Committee of the Communist Party." In taking Herodotus as his mentor and guide during his many travels as a journalist, he is both claiming for himself the Greek historian's multicultural-

Point of View

As if the leaden clouds
had let loose all their force
as sharpened pencils,

the rain falls into line—
or dotted lines, in length
and slant so uniform,

so steadily dashed off,
they are themselves the calm
within the storm.

They take mathematical
pleasure, it appears,
hatching plane on plane

(vertically propped,
transparent, infinite,
on that plot of grass),

and seem to come from some
old hand at this, the same
cartoonist who

indicates a pane
of glass, first, with a square,
then two or three

forty-five degree-
angled strokes that fall
within it, parallel

vectors of the glare
glinting off this window
which, like the sun today,

is otherwise not merely
not thought of, but (for our
purposes) not there.

MARY JO SALTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism and reporting style and, at the same time, imputing his own Aesopian methods to his ancient predecessor. *Travels With Herodotus* is a beguiling work in which Kapuściński undertakes to cleanse the ambivalence of his own journalism by examining it through the lens of his Greek predecessor. He wants his voice to be Herodotus's voice, and this is probably why he can say, "I actually became attached not so much to the book, as to its voice, the persona of its author." The identification of the two becomes even more pronounced when Kapuściński writes that Herodotus "decides, probably toward the end of his life, to write a book because he realizes that he has amassed such an enormous trove of stories and facts that unless he preserves them, they will simply vanish." This is exactly what Kapuściński chose to do near the end of his own life, and to validate his enterprise by the linkage with Herodotus.

But the Aesopian drive, which Herodotus utterly lacked, never left Kapuściński. Through the interleaved tales from Herodotean antiquity and his own travels there are clearly subtexts that any alert reader is bound to detect. Kapuściński clearly could not stop himself from including the kind of double meanings that were natural to a man who had grown up in a universe of repression and persecution. Consider his retelling of Darius's campaign against the Scythians, who, as Kapuściński says, loved the boundless space of the steppe. Their king told Darius that since they had neither cities nor farmland, they had nothing to defend, and therefore they saw no need to go into battle. Kapuściński accurately describes the resulting confusion of Darius as "the collision of two military styles, two structures." One is the monolithic organization of the Persians' regular army, whereas the other is "the loose, mobile, ever-shifting configurations of small tactical cells." The latter is "an amorphous army of shadows, of phantoms, of thin air." Kapuściński was writing after the invasion of Iraq by the so-called coalition of the willing, to which Poland provided a conspicuous contingent.

Again in retelling the story of Cyrus's invasion of the Massagetae, north of Iran along the Amu Darya, Kapuściński says that in sending first the most unfit and ill-equipped of his army against the Massagetae, "he is in effect condemning these people to death." Darius similarly used weak and ill-prepared troops as part of a pre-arranged conspiracy to break down the resistance of Babylon. After an initial wave in which a thousand men were easily annihilated, Darius sent another two thousand, who were decimated according to Darius's plan. The merciless exploitation of young soldiers was evidently another theme that appealed to Kapuściński's Aesopian instincts. As he remarks, "It is an interesting subject: superfluous people in the service of a brute power."

This interesting subject provokes reflections on spying as well as on warfare. Someone who is searching for significance in life can, according to Kapuściński, find life more meaningful if he works covertly for the authorities and thereby acquires "the comforting sense of immunity." In this way, "the dictatorial powers, meantime, have in him an inexpensive—free, actually—yet zealous and omnipresent agent-tentacle." Here is the psychology of all those who worked for the Stasi in East Germany or for Polish intelligence under the communists. Kapuściński is at his most Aesopian in this passage, since we now know that he himself worked as an intelligence agent for the Polish communists during the travels that he describes in this book. That is probably why he supposed that a man in Cairo who offered to show him a mosque had to have been an undercover agent. Since he thought that a visit to a mosque was preferable to a visit to the police station, he accepted the man's offer, only to be robbed after climbing a winding staircase to the top of the minaret. This episode, oddly reminiscent of Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, suggests that Kapuściński was more likely to imagine that a solicitous man in the street was a spy than a thief. That is highly revealing. It is also very unlike Herodotus.

What Kapuściński shares with Herodotus is his insatiable curiosity about other peoples and other cultures. If some readers of Herodotus have found him naïve in his uncritical registering of strange customs and tales, Kapuściński is naïve in the same way. He dares to pose questions that a more sophisticated writer would avoid. "What sort of a child is Herodotus?" he asks. "Does he smile at everyone and willingly extend his hand, or does he sulk and hide in the folds of his mother's garments?... What did a little Greek living two and a half thousand years ago play with? A scooter carved out of wood? Did he build sand castles at the edge of the sea?" This last question, which Kapuściński raises early in his book, proves to be portentous at the end, when he tries to explain Herodotus's (and doubtless his own) passion for travel and foreign peoples. "Where did this passion of Herodotus come from? Perhaps from the question that arose in a child's mind, the one about where ships come from. Children playing in the sand at the edge of a bay can see a ship suddenly appear far away on the horizon line and grow larger and larger as it sails toward them. Where did it originate? Most children do not ask themselves this question. But one, making castles out of sand, suddenly might."

The childlike wonder of Herodotus clearly appealed to Kapuściński, who cultivated it in himself as an antidote to all the Aesopian deviousness with which he grew up. Sometimes it rings hollow, as in the vacuous passages on olive trees and conversation under the Mediterranean sun. Sometimes it is worse than hollow, as when Kapuściński writes sympathetically about the recent theory of the Afro-Egyptian origins of Greek civilization. But at other times it has a startling clarity and power. Amid the collapse of colonial government in the Congo, when Belgian administrators were replaced by "a dark, deranged power, which most frequently assumed the guise of drunken Congolese military police," Kapuściński dares to say "how dangerous freedom is in the absence of hierarchy and order." As a Pole who grew up under communism, he must have thought often about the relation of hierarchy to freedom. When he comments on the dangers of freedom in the Congo, his words inevitably, and probably consciously, carry an Aesopian burden. But he says nothing about how the hierarchy and order that he wants should be imposed in order to allow freedom to flourish.

So ultimately this enchanting autobiography, in which a courageous and innovative journalist positions himself as a twentieth-century Herodotus, seems sadly superficial. It has the evanescence of a child's fantasy or a conjuring trick. Underneath its shimmering prose, in which Kapuściński interweaves tales from ancient Greece with the horrors of the modern world, beats the unquiet heart of a fundamentally decent man and an uncommonly gifted observer. In the end the reader fails to learn very much about him, and that was doubtless his intention. But he is an unforgettable companion, even if he shows himself to be no Herodotus. The old Greek, after all, had a tremendous story to tell: the first global conflict between East and West, and the Greeks' ultimate triumph over the Persian invader. History did not furnish Kapuściński with so satisfying a conclusion, or indeed with any conclusion at all. ◆

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York Diarist

Green Piece

Green should be a primary color. Maybe *the* primary color. Nature, after all, cannot do without it. And yet, what we all learned as kids, taking art in kindergarten or first grade, was that green was not essential. Green, so we were told, was a "secondary color." We had to have the primaries; red, yellow, and blue could not be mixed. Green, however, could. And after we swirled together yellow and blue poster paint and saw green paint emerge, most of us were probably left with the suspicion that green was a secondary citizen, an idea that flies in the face of the experience that we all have on an ordinary summer day—which is that green rules.

Of course color systems are human inventions, and the primary and secondary colors as we encountered them in school do not represent an unchangeable idea about the nature of seeing, but rather a concept that, to some extent, grew out of the working methods of artists. The ancients sometimes argued that black and white were the primary colors, which makes sense when you consider that seeing depends on contrasts of light and dark. And Pliny described four basic colors—black, red, white, and something else, apparently untranslatable, which may or may not have been a sort of green. Color theory is a crazy subject, a favorite of crackpots and dreamers. (The German Romantic painter Philipp Otto Runge believed that the primaries equaled the trinity: Blue was the Father, red the Son, and yellow the Holy Ghost.) So I don't feel many scruples about going right ahead and fielding my own little theory, which is that a lot of people, at least in modern times, have had some sort of problem with green. My guess is that idealists and absolutists are bothered by the natural dominance of green. They want to put it in its place. Let us not forget that, a century ago, red was the color of protest. And what are we to make of the fact that, where once radicals called themselves Reds, now many on the left are proud to be Greens? There must be a color theorist who can supply us with an explanation, with some sociological gloss on the radically complementary nature of red and green.

Artists who knew Mondrian during his years in Paris and New York told stories about his refusing to be seated at a location in a restaurant where he found himself looking out a window at the green of a tree. He had painted trees, magnificent trees, earlier in his career, using greens that had been darkened until they suggested ash and lead, but the ecstatically pure emotion of his later work necessitated banishing any trace of this most naturalistic hue. Kandinsky, that other founding father of abstract art, although he did use green throughout his career, had doubts about it, too. "This pure green," Kandinsky wrote, "is to the realm of color what the so-called bourgeoisie is to human society: it is an immobile, complacent element, limited in every respect. This green is like a fat, extremely healthy cow, lying motionless, fit only for chewing the cud, regarding the world with stupid, lackluster eyes." For some twentieth-century artists green was banality incarnate—the color of boredom. (I once knew a painter, a younger contemporary of the Abstract Expressionists, who made a joke of the anti-green sentiment, naming one of his abstractions something like *Green, Green, I Love You Green*.)

The nineteenth century was very much a green century, at least in the arts, which helps to explain why the twentieth-century avant-garde got fed up. But how could those nineteenth-century artists, all those realists and empiricists, not have adored green? The Impressionists, who carried their easels out into the sunshine, embraced an all-green-all-the-time approach, at least when they weren't painting the shadows purple. They understood that there is something magnificently out of control about green. It's the most unself-conscious of colors, but also the most promiscuous. The Art Nouveau masters, all the fin-de-siècle designers of posters and wallpaper and pottery and jewelry, tapped green's kinkier side, colors ranging from mossy grays to acidic limes, which suggested melancholy and extravagance, decadence and decay—the green of envy, the green of putrefaction, even death. And those are still the aspects of green that the pop culture people are thinking about when they want to gross us out. Remember the Hollywood cult classic tagline: "They'll do anything to get what they need. And they need Soylent Green."

If going green means accepting the power of the natural world, then painters have often been in the vanguard, from Giorgione in early sixteenth-century Venice, plunging his lovers into an emerald dream, to de Kooning in the 1950s, after he'd more or less abandoned the mean streets of Manhattan for Long Island, playing with all sorts of luscious-yet-febrile tints. It's probably the architects, however, who can teach us the most about living with green. I have wanted to visit Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater, the house cantilevered over a creek in Bear Run, Pennsylvania, not far from Pittsburgh, since I was a kid, but only finally got there a few weeks ago, and it was an astonishing experience—it trumped even my wildest hopes. Over the years, I've thought so much about Wright's megalomania that I had begun to wonder if he could ever completely respond to the natural world, which was of course what he always said he wanted to do. The revelation of Fallingwater is that Wright's almost superhuman powers of invention are a perfect match for the green-on-green opulence of western Pennsylvania in its August glory. Fallingwater is a fearlessly extravagant building, all rhyming balconies and echoing angles and multiplying vantage points. This great house, with its surfaces of industrial concrete and native stone, suggests the bravado of a soloist's thunderous performance in a Romantic concerto, only the orchestra that Wright challenges is nature itself. And Wright, perhaps remembering the kindergarten lesson about red and green being complementaries, has inserted, at the very heart of Fallingwater, a vertical strip of windows, all painted red. That deep, strong red is a signature touch, an idealistic gesture emblazoned across a realist's dappled green world. There is some ecological lesson to be drawn from Fallingwater, something about perfervid idealism discovering its truest self only after grappling with nature's power. And this, come to think of it, is not a bad definition of the American sublime. *Jed Perl*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two new books by Kiron Skinner of the Hoover Institution

TURNING POINTS IN ENDING
THE COLD WAR
SOLIDARNOŚĆ
Edited by KIRON K. SKINNER
Forewords by PAVEL PALAZHCHENKO and GEORGE P. SHULTZ

Turning Points in Ending the Cold War

EDITED BY KIRON K. SKINNER
FOREWORDS BY PAVAL PALAZHCHENKO AND GEORGE P. SHULTZ

Twenty-five years ago, in the early 1980s, no one could have imagined that only a decade later the cold war would be over. How did it happen? The essays in this collection offer illuminating insights into the key players— Ronald Reagan, Mikhail Gorbachev, Boris Yeltsin, and others—and the monumental events that led to the collapse of communism.

The expert contributors examine the end of détente and the beginning of the new phase of the cold war in the early 1980s, Reagan's radical new strategies aimed at changing Soviet behavior, the peaceful democratic revolutions in Poland and Hungary, the events that brought about the reunification of Germany, the role of events in Third World countries, the critical contributions of Gorbachev and Yeltsin, and more.

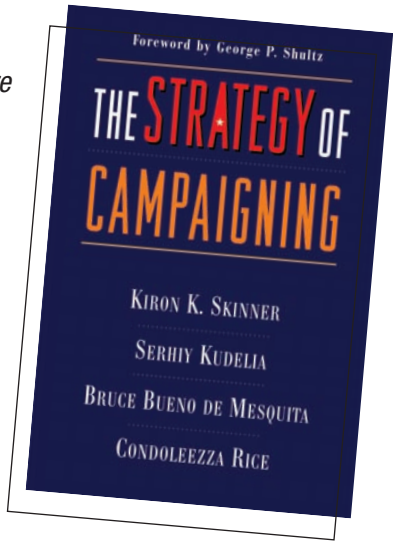
Hoover Institution Press
350 pages September 2007
978-0-8179-4631-9 cloth $25.00
978-0-8179-4632-6 paper $15.00
www.hooverpress.org
1-800-935-2882

The Strategy of Campaigning: Lessons from Ronald Reagan and Boris Yeltsin

KIRON K. SKINNER, SERHIY KUDELIA, BRUCE BUENO DE MESQUITA, AND CONDOLEEZZA RICE
FOREWORD BY GEORGE P. SHULTZ

"The Strategy of Campaigning *is fascinating and important. As personalities, Ronald Reagan and Boris Yeltsin could hardly be more different; the political systems they transformed were also at opposite ends of the political spectrum. Nevertheless, the story of how each went about changing his political environment provides important insights into today's much altered political world."*

— Jack F. Matlock Jr., U.S. ambassador to the USSR, 1987–1991



University of Michigan Press
344 pages September 2007
978-0-472-11627-0 cloth $35.00
www.press.umich.edu
800-343-4499, Ext. 165

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

HOOVER INSTITUTION

. . . ideas defining a free society

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Stanford California 94305-6010 Toll-free: 877.466.8374 Fax: 650.723.1687 info@hoover.stanford.edu www.hoover.org

UNDER COPYRIGHT
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If 12 fully loaded jumbo jets crashed every year, *something would be done about it.*

EVERY YEAR, NEARLY 6,000 TEENS DIE IN CAR CRASHES.

IF 12 JUMBO JETS WENT DOWN, THE PUBLIC OUTCRY WOULD BE STAGGERING. But that many teenagers dying every year barely makes the headlines.

Allstate thinks it's time the carnage stopped. We've identified some solutions that can help.

1. The "Driving Talk" is as important as the "Sex Talk" and the "Drugs Talk." When parents and teens agree on driving restrictions and rules (such as never driving after midnight and having only one passenger), and the consequences of violating those rules, teens are less likely to take risks while driving. **Download a free Parent-Teen Driving Contract at Allstate.com/teen.**

2. Parents have power. Though conventional wisdom says teens don't listen, 3 out of 4 teens say their parents would be the best influence in getting them to drive more safely. When parents drive safely, their children are more likely to be safe drivers as well.

3. Graduated Driver Licensing (GDL) laws work. GDL laws put limits on teen driving so kids can gain experience safely. Since North Carolina implemented one of the most comprehensive GDL laws in the country, it has seen a 25% decline in crashes involving 16-year-olds. **Find out what the GDL laws are in your state at Allstate.com/teen.** Help enforce them—and if they aren't strong enough, ask your legislator to strengthen them.

We can all help stop teen driving deaths—and the good news is we can start today.

It's time to make the world a safer place to drive.
THAT'S ALLSTATE'S STAND

Allstate. You're in good hands.
Auto
Home
Life
Retirement

The Cupped Hands logo is a registered service mark and "That's Allstate's Stand" is a service mark of Allstate Insurance Company. Life insurance and annuities issued by Allstate Life Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL and Lincoln Benefit Life Company, Lincoln, NE. In New York, Allstate Life Insurance Company of New York, Hauppauge, NY. Property-casualty insurance products issued by Allstate Fire and Casualty Insurance Company, Allstate Indemnity Company, Allstate Insurance Company, Allstate Property and Casualty Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL. © 2007 Allstate Insurance Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED